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COVER: ALEXANDER J. ROSS/GLENBOW ARCHIVES/NA-1494-5

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COMING UP IN CANADA'S HISTORY

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Canada's History Society was founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history. The society's work includes: *Canada's History* magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids*, CanadasHistory.ca, and the Governor General's History Awards.

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HUDSON'S BAY

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Trains of thought

A few years back, I began hunting for historic photos to include in a book about iconic Canadian images.

After weeks of combing through archives and consulting with historians and photographers, I came up with a short list of about three hundred images.

I eventually pared that number down to one hundred — the photos that comprise our 2009 bestseller *100 Photos That Changed Canada*. Many of the photos that littered the cutting-room floor could easily have been included.

MARIANNE HELM

But from the very start, there was one photo that had to make the cut: the image of the Last Spike.

It's the photo that graces our cover. Taken in November 1885, it shows railway baron Donald A. Smith striking the hammer blow that effectively forged our nation. Behind him, with the top hat and white beard, is Sandford Fleming, the Canadian Pacific Railway's chief engineer (and the man who invented time zones). Whether we're talking about Confederation, or national unity, or political scandals, or Aboriginal treaty rights, this photo is central to the discussion.

In a country so vast, it's only natural that so many of our stories are rooted in the railways.

In this issue, Senior Editor Nelle Oosterom presents "Ties that Bind," a series of stories spanning a couple of centuries of train travel in Canada.

Her feature got me thinking about my own train story.

During my youth, my hometown in Nova Scotia had a train station, and even a caboose, but no trains.

A red-brick two-storey building, the station was built in 1892 by none other than the aforementioned Sandford Fleming. It still sits at the Pugwash end of the village's harbour bridge.

For most of my early life, I never gave this local landmark a second thought. It was simply the home of the Caboose Café — a popular burger joint that was operated out of a bright red train caboose.

It wasn't until we began working on this issue that I decided to dig in to the history of the old train station. It turns out that Pugwash's depot runs deep with stories.

For turn-of-the-century travellers, the station was a hive of activity and a key driver of the seaside village's resource economy.

When the Great War erupted in 1914, trains carried local men off to Truro and then on to Halifax for the long sea voyage to England. Sadly, for some Pugwash volunteers, the station fading in the distance would be their last memory of home.

In 1957, the station played a starring role in the world's first nuclear disarmament conference. Because Pugwash had few hotels, many of the scientists invited to attend slept in luxury train cars parked at the station.

On a recent trip home to visit my folks, I noticed that the Caboose Café was gone and that the old station had been transformed into a library and a tourism bureau. Meanwhile, most of the tracks that once criss-crossed the province have been torn up and transformed into hiking trails.

While it's still possible to ride the rails in Canada, for most of us, it's easier to travel by car or airplane. That's progress, I guess.

But I can't help thinking that as a society we lost something with the passing of the age of rail.

As Oosterom writes, "Whether it's the sound of a distant train horn in the night … or the experience of being lulled to sleep by the rhythmic motion of steel wheels rolling over track … Trains and railways are embedded in our identity as Canadians."

Mark Reid

Contributors

Nelle Oosterom is the author of "Ties That Bind," and has been on many train rides over the years. One of her most memorable trips took place in 1988, when she travelled through a remote section of interior Newfoundland aboard the last train to operate in that province. Prior to joining *Canada's History* magazine in 2007 as Senior Editor, Nelle enjoyed a varied career in journalism, working for The Canadian Press, CBC Radio, and CanWest News Service and writing for a number of publications. She has also contributed to several books.

Blair McBride, author of our feature article on reviving Canada's Aboriginal languages, is a freelance journalist and copy editor at the *Bangkok Post* in Bangkok, Thailand, where he lives. A graduate of the master of arts in journalism program at Western University in London, Ontario, Blair studied Mohawk while attending McMaster University in the early 2000s and also at the Kanatsiohareke Mohawk community in Fonda, New York. He has published articles in various publications, including the *Hamilton Spectator*, the *London Free Press*, and *Canadian Business* magazine.

Yves Y. Pelletier, author of our story about the difficulty of celebrating Sir John A. Macdonald's legacy, has a PhD in Canadian history from Queen's University and has published many scholarly articles. He is interested in questions of national unity, invented traditions, politics, and religion. His thesis focused on the efforts of political parties, political leaders, and community groups to shape Macdonald's public memory. He lives in Fredericton with his husband, Wes, and their pets Cooper, Dax, and Abby. He leads his own consulting firm specializing in higher education.

Allan Levine, who wrote "The Great Flag Debate," is a Winnipeg-based historian and writer. He holds a doctorate in Canadian history and is the author of eleven books, including his most recent, *Toronto: Biography of a City* (2014). He is also the author of *King: William Lyon Mackenzie King, a Life Guided by the Hand of Destiny* and has collaborated with writer-historian Peter C. Newman on various projects. An award-winning writer, his articles have appeared in the *Globe and Mail*, the *National Post*, the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and other publications.

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Remembering the living

In his article "Remembrance" [October-November 2014] Jonathan Vance wrote: "Commemoration of the world wars has always been about the desire to preserve the fallen in the collective memory."

While I do not disagree with that statement, I would ask, what about those who fought and lived? I attend remembrance ceremonies, and my thoughts include my father, a soldier of the Great War, a Military Medal recipient for bravery at Vimy Ridge, who returned and raised a family of six boys and a girl. I think of my brother, still living, a sailor during the Second World War and a soldier in the Korean War.

Yes, remembrance should include the fallen, but it should also include those who survived, as they sacrificed parts of their lives to protect our values and our democracy.

Alistair Hensler
Ottawa

Endless sacrifice

Despite the claim that "commemorating the wars is not about celebrating conflict, it is about remembering that there are values worth sacrificing for," ["Remembrance," October-November 2014] all the ceremonies and media coverage are for the benefit of the living, particularly young people, who will provide the soldiers for the next war, and the one after that, and the one after that….

Ted Turner
Toronto

Linked to another era

Regarding "Remembrance": I was part of an honour guard to mark the sixtieth anniversary of the Northwest Rebellion, held at the Manitoba legislature in 1945. The vets were probably in their eighties. I feel fortunate to have been part of it.

J.A. Evans
Thunder Bay, Ontario

A brave father

Regarding your article "To endure an artillery barrage" [August-September 2014], I believe the soldier who dug out the two men buried in the trench was my father. I have enclosed a copy of his citation: "Lattin, Edward Charlton. Military Medal for conspicuous bravery in the Ypres Salient between the 11th and 15th June 1916, and particularly for digging out two Privates who were buried by shell … in full view of the enemy and under heavy shell fire. Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He led his platoon in the attack and by great daring and coolness reached the final objective." I enjoy your magazine and look forward to receiving every copy.

F.C. Lattin
Whitehorse, Yukon

Where history is central

Many thanks to former President and CEO Deborah Morrison for the years of her involvement in bringing us *Canada's History*. One line in her last column [June-July 2014] struck me in particular: "In Ottawa, some officials had difficulty seeing the history society as being truly 'national' because of its western location."

Not only is the notion of the importance of history lost on some officials, but also the sense of geography, given that the longitudinal centre of Canada is just east of Winnipeg! Geography and history go hand in hand to form the great space-time continuum we all live in.

Pete Truch
Calgary

Doris Day's day off

An item in "Take the Day Off" [June-July 2014] about women teachers in Toronto gaining wage parity with male colleagues in 1948 was illustrated with a still from the 1958 film *Teacher's Pet*, starring Doris Day. Doris didn't work for the Province of Ontario, but my mother did. When she married my father in 1935 she lost her job, as married women weren't allowed to take jobs men might have.

My mother, Margaret Scott, hated losing her job, loved teaching, and was involved with the Home and School Association throughout my childhood. She was always its head and despaired at the quality of the principals, always men, she had to deal with. Perhaps you can tell me when female principals in Ontario became the norm. In the meantime, I shall dream of Doris at the blackboard.

Judith Steiner
London, United Kingdom

Oops

I'm a second-generation reader [hi Mom!] and thoroughly enjoyed this year's October-November issue. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission sidebar on page 37 lists that organization as caring for graves at "twenty-three locations in 153 countries." A quick trip to their website shows that twenty-three should be changed to twenty-three thousand.

Ted Huck
Edmonton

Email comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada. Include your address and phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

STUDY ABROAD with

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THE BEAVERBROOK VIMY PRIZE

The Vimy Foundation's premiere program, the **Beaverbrook Vimy Prize**, offers a prestigious summer scholarship to youth 15 – 17 years of age to study the interwoven history of Canada, France, and Great Britain during the First and Second World Wars. During the two-week scholarship program, prize winners will visit key historical sites in Britain, Belgium and France, where they will be introduced to ideas and viewpoints not typically taught in classrooms. Highlights will include visits to major museums, battlefields and cemeteries, lectures, as well as meeting veterans and members of the French Resistance.

Submission criteria and application forms can be accessed on the Vimy Foundation website at **vimyfoundation.ca/Beaverbrook** from November 11 to February 1. Students are asked to submit a 1,500 word essay or project on a selected topic.

The submission deadline for the **Beaverbrook Vimy Prize** is **midnight, February 1, 2015**.

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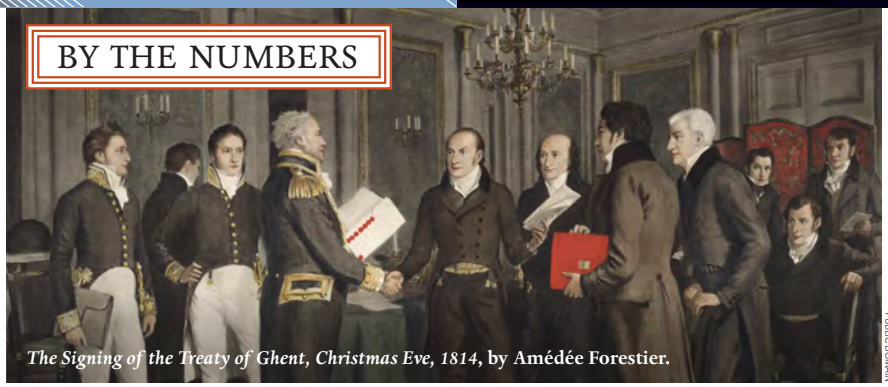


The Signing of the Treaty of Ghent, Christmas Eve, 1814, by Amédée Forestier.

PUBLIC DOMAIN

The Treaty of Ghent

On December 24, 1814, British and American delegates signed the Treaty of Ghent, ending the War of 1812. However, news of the treaty didn't reach North America for several weeks, and hostilities continued until early 1815. The treaty called for all conquered territory to be returned and all POWs released. And, while it brought peace to North America, it ultimately failed the Aboriginal peoples who had fought on Britain's side in the conflict. They had hoped to obtain an independent Aboriginal "homeland" centred around the Ohio and Michigan territories. Instead, the peace treaty freed the United States to focus its expansionist efforts westward into traditional Aboriginal territories.

— Jessica Knapp

4,000

Number of slaves who escaped to freedom during the war. The treaty called for slaves to be returned, but Britain instead compensated U.S. slave owners with cash.

11

Articles in the Treaty of Ghent.

2

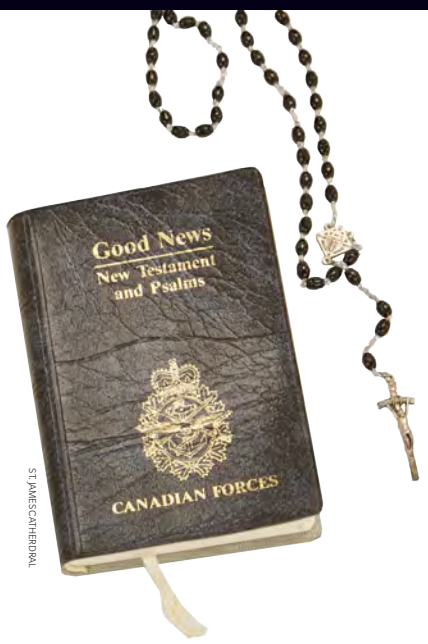
Number of commissioners — one American, one British — tasked under the treaty to resolve land disputes and to decide the boundaries between the United States and Canada.

54

Number of days that elapsed between the signing of the treaty on December 24, 1814, and its ratification by the United States on February 16, 1815.

20,000+

Approximate number of casualties suffered by the U.S., Britain, and its Canadian and Aboriginal allies during the war.



ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

Spirit warriors

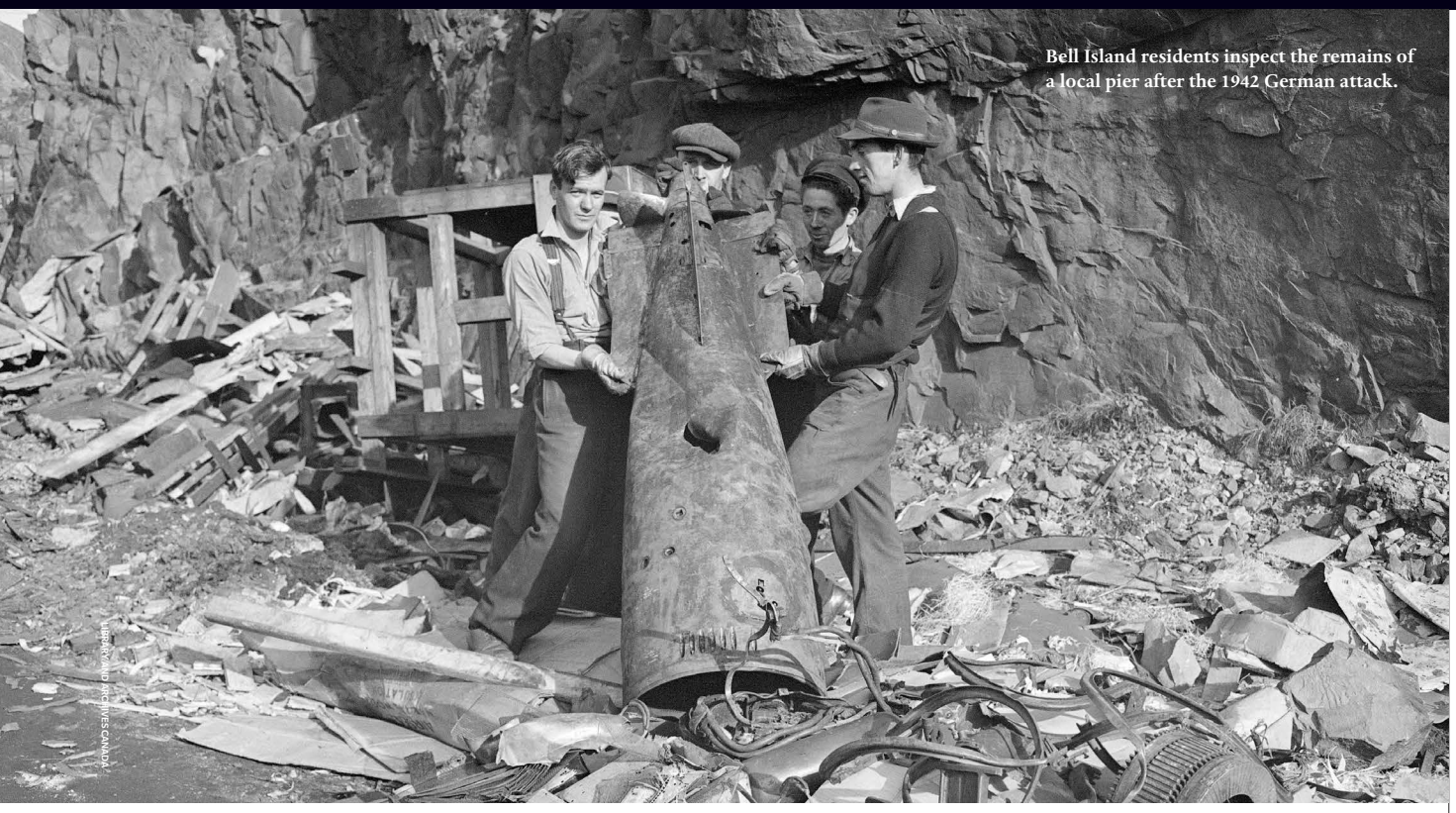
The role of chaplains in the First World War was commemorated recently with a special exhibit in Toronto.

The multi-faith exhibit, titled Called to Serve, was organized by St. James Cathedral in Toronto and ran for two weeks in November as a way to mark the centenary of the start of the war and to highlight the important role chaplains played in the trenches.

"You can sum up the work of a military chaplain with one word — presence," said Nancy Mallett, an archivist and museum curator at the cathedral. "They're there to comfort, to counsel, and to help maintain the morale and the resiliency of the men."

Artifacts on display included a Canadian Forces hymn book, a travelling communion set, a Bible, and rosary beads. The exhibit also included stories and artifacts from chaplains from other wars, including John Strachan, who served as a chaplain during the War of 1812.

— **Danelle Cloutier**



Bell Island residents inspect the remains of a local pier after the 1942 German attack.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

When torpedoes were fired at Newfoundland

During the Second World War, Bell Island came under direct attack from the Germans.

Visitors to Bell Island are often surprised to learn that this small island in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, was fired on by German U-boats during the Second World War. Bell Island Mine Museum manager Teresita McCarthy spoke to *Canada's History* about the island's fascinating wartime history.

What made Bell Island a target during the Second World War?

In the 1930s, Germany had an insatiable appetite for Newfoundland iron ore. In 1938, we shipped 1.126 million gross tons of iron ore to Germany ... [which was] getting its war machine ready. [The shipments stopped when Britian declared war on Germany in 1939]. Then, in the 1940s, the ore started to be shipped even more heavily to the United Kingdom.

To the general public, Bell Island might have been perceived as a sleepy little island in the middle of Conception Bay, but to the Germans it was a no-brainer. They knew iron ore was being shipped to the United Kingdom and they knew how to go about doing something about it because of the knowledge that they had of Bell Island and the waterways by virtue of getting the ore from Bell Island themselves.

What happened during the attacks?

On the morning of September 5, 1942, our residents awoke to a horrific explosion and to find the ore ships SS *Saganana* and the SS *Lord Strathcona* that were anchored in Conception Bay torpedoed by submarines. There was definitely pandemonium at that time.

The people were in utter shock to think that we could be seeing enemy fire so far away from Europe. The second attack was on November 2, 1942. Then it was the *PLM 27* and the *Rose Castle* that were destroyed.

There were a lot of men who lost their lives [the *Saganana* lost twenty-nine, the *Rose Castle* twenty-eight, and the *PLM 27*, a Free French ship, lost twelve]. Currently there is a memorial at Lance Cove dedicated to the people who lost their lives.

What artifacts does your museum have relating to this event?

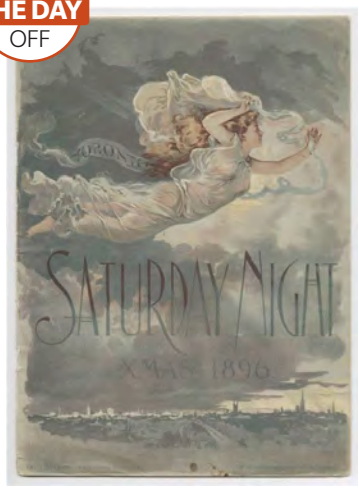
In July of 2010, Marita Collings [the daughter of German U-boat captain Rolf Ruggeberg, who sank the ships in the first attack] and her husband, Barry, made a very reluctant trip to Bell Island to bring to us some of her father's memorabilia [including two Iron Crosses awarded for sinking the two ships, a commendation certificate from Adolf Hitler, a logbook, and photos of Ruggeberg's trip to Newfoundland].

In our museum we also have a piano belonging to the *PLM*. It was given by the captain of the *PLM* to a person on the island before the *PLM* was torpedoed.

— **Nelle Oosterom**

Go to CanadasHistory.ca/BellIsland for more about this story.

TAKE THE DAY OFF



MCMASTER UNIVERSITY

DECEMBER 3

To mark the founding of *Saturday Night* magazine on this date in 1887. Edmund E. Sheppard was the first editor of the then-weekly Toronto-based publication about literature and current affairs. Originally intended for Sunday reading but published a day earlier due to laws limiting Sunday business, *Saturday Night* went on to become one of Canada's longest-running general interest magazines. The last issue was printed in 2005.

OBJECT OF INTEREST

Suffragette flag

On May 24, 1918, women were granted the right to vote in federal elections. The groundwork for this advance had been laid by women's suffrage champions. This flag represents the Women's Social and Political Union, founded in Britain in 1903. One of the founders reputedly gave this flag to Canadian-born suffragette Mary Richardson at a political rally.

This artifact is from the national collection of the Canadian Museum of History.

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I, WITNESS

JAMES GILLESPIE ILLUSTRATION

Celebrating a fur trade Christmas

In the 1800s, York Factory, in northern Manitoba, was a buzzing hive of activity — the epicentre of the Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade empire. But when winter fell virtually all contact with the outside world ended. A highlight for the community during the long winter was the annual Christmas celebration, which was marked by feasting and dancing. In his autobiography, Behind the Palisades, *HBC Chief Trader George Simpson McTavish recalled his first Christmas at York Factory, during which he literally danced the night away.*

Dancing in those days meant a harder test than even tripping on the trails demanded. No mincing steps in languorous glidations and undulations of swaying figure. … The fire of the violins ignited the tow of wild nature, and caused explosions of individual atomic energy, which raged with the lust of health and expression.

Dancing! Why it was a whirlwind of vitality and speed!

What did it matter if a string or two gave way under the straining of frenzied arms and strength of bow, the pounding of feet brooked no delay. "On with the dance, ye cripples, let joy be unconfined" Who said "Stop"? Kill him!

Unconfined was that glorious dancing exhibition. Men sweated for having no petticoats or dresses. They could not hide their leg action as women could, and have to give their best in Red River jigs, Scotch reels, the Rabbit, Duck dances and old Dan Tucker.

If men dropped exhausted, others took their place with a whoop of delight and derision. The only safe place for recuperation was on a snow bank outside with 40 degrees below zero….

When the room warmed up, the sweat began to trickle down the walls from the heated perspiring multitude. Capos and superfluous clothing were discarded. The women took matters more philosophically, but stayed to the end, some of the belles displaying heroic continuity and fortitude in dancing with all comers.

With only a couple hours left in which to have a cold tub and sleep before breakfast, we left an experience of unalloyed happiness no one could forget. So ended my first Christmas at York Factory in 1879.

York Factory was declared a National Historic Site in 1936. Operated today by Parks Canada, its surviving structures are threatened by erosion and the harshness of the elements. While the site receives few visitors due to its isolation, it remains a testament to the entrepreneurial drive that opened the Northwest.

OLD WAYS

Hand-powered apple peeler

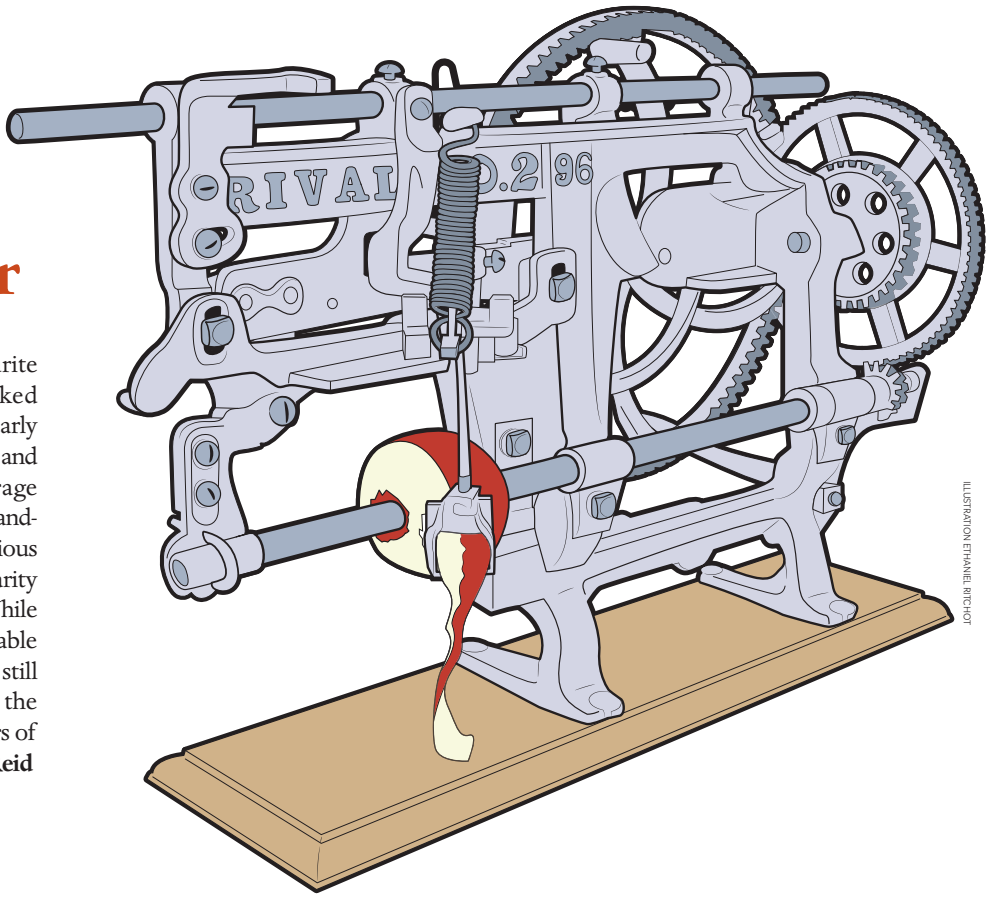

ILLUSTRATION ETHANIEL RITCHOT

Johnny Appleseed's favourite fruit was a vitamin-packed treat for many settlers in early Canada. However, peeling and coring apples for winter storage was onerous work. Enter the hand-powered apple peeler, an ingenious device that exploded in popularity beginning in the mid-1800s. While electric apple peelers are available today, many fruit aficionados still use a modernized version of the old crank-and-gear-driven peelers of yesteryear. — **Mark Reid**

aMuse yourself

Take it outside. That's the premise behind aMuse, a series of pop-up museum experiences launched by the St. Catharines Museum and the Welland Canals Centre. Each event is held at a local café, bringing objects and stories directly to an audience that might not normally visit a museum.

"It's a really neat, innovative, one-night-only pop-up museum experience," said Adrian Petry, public programmer with the museum located along the Welland Canal. "The St. Catharines Museum has a special challenge where it's not actually in the urban community … so we really wanted to get some of the artifacts, our name, and a museum experience out in the community."

COURTESY ADRIAN PETRY

The first series of events in 2013 focused on particular themes like bicycles, music, and fashion. The 2014 series — entitled aMuse: Collected — featured exhibits created with objects from the museum's collection tied together solely by the year they arrived at the institution. The project was accompanied by unique online videos promoting the series and a heavy emphasis on social media.

Visit CanadasHistory.ca/aMuse to hear an interview with Adrian Petry about the program.

— **Joel Ralph**

COURTESY ADRIAN PETRY

TAKE THE DAY OFF

JANUARY 20

To honour the career of former Liberal Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, who announced his retirement on this date in 1948. Canada's longest-serving prime minister, Mackenzie King left office later that year after having won six general elections and having held the position for twenty-two years.

With a name like Moonbeam, it's no surprise that this northern Ontario town's naming story is out of this world. Pioneers who settled the area in 1909 reported seeing flashing lights falling from the sky, which they called "moonbeams." Soon the term was used to name both the town and a nearby creek.

We don't know whether the moonbeams were the northern lights or something else, but the townsfolk have certainly embraced the name — Moonbeam's main landmark is a flying saucer, and its mascot is an alien named Kilo.

"Moonbeam is a unique name in Canada, and we are very proud of our name, even though it sometimes makes visitors smile," says the town's website.

Does your hometown boast a unique name? Email us at: editors@CanadasHistory.ca, and we may feature your community in an upcoming issue of Canada's History.

Left: Japanese-Canadian men sell mushrooms in Nanaimo, British Columbia, in 1940. Above: A group of Japanese-Canadian girls skip rope in Vancouver circa 1939.

Exploring Japanese-Canadian dispossession

Seven-year project will examine impact of internment during the Second World War.

After Japan attacked Pearl Harbor in 1941, both the United States and Canada cracked down on their citizens of Japanese descent.

In British Columbia, entire Japanese-Canadian neighbourhoods were eradicated. Homes and possessions belonging to Japanese Canadians were seized and sold. Entire fishing fleets were taken. Some Japanese Canadians — deemed threats to national security — were forced into internment camps.

In 1988 the federal government apologized for this historical wrong.

Now, a new project will explore and highlight the human and cultural costs of this forced dispossession.

The Landscapes of Justice project will see fourteen university, museum, and Japanese cultural organizations work together to create a travelling museum exhibition as well as an online educational component for students.

The $3-million, seven-year project was launched in the fall of 2014 and will draw upon the Royal BC Museum's considerable collection of Japanese-Canadian photos, letters, and other artifacts.

"The story of the Japanese-Canadian experience during the Second World War is well-documented but perhaps not widely understood by most British Columbians," said Kathryn Bridge, deputy director of the Royal BC Museum.

The lead organization is the University of Victoria.

Go to www.landscapesofinjustice.com for more about this story.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

TALES AND TREASURES

FROM THE RICH LEGACY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

IMAGE © MANITOBA MUSEUM

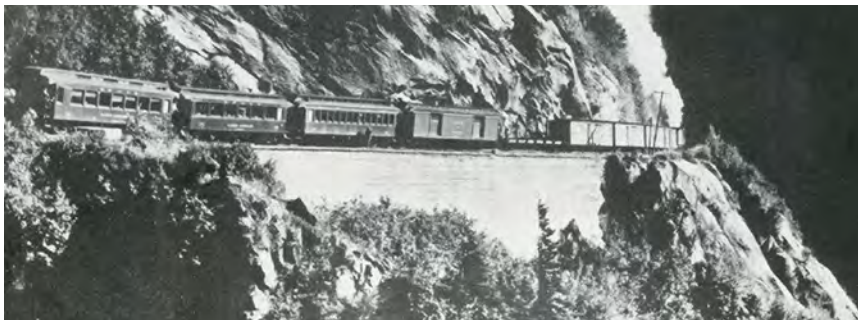
Pipe tomahawk

The pipe tomahawk served many purposes. Its hollow wooden handle and the pipe bowl on one side of the head allowed it to be used as a ceremonial smoking pipe, while the other side was a blade, allowing it to become a weapon with just a flip of the wrist. Believed to have been developed by a blacksmith from England, this dual-purpose invention was highly valued by Aboriginal traders. It represents the complex relationship between Aboriginal communities and Europeans — which included both war and peace. The nineteenth-century pipe tomahawk pictured here, though, would have been used only for special occasions. It features intricate glass beadwork made by an Aboriginal woman on a loom, and its blade has three small holes. Pipe stems were often decorated with carvings, porcupine quills, or horsehair, and more ornate pipe tomahawks were a sign of prestige. Many were presented as gifts to Aboriginal leaders when negotiating trading relationships.

— Danelle Cloutier

In The Beaver …

30 years ago: In a Summer 1984 article, Ottawa researcher Thomas R. Roach explored how the Hudson's Bay Company's implementation of radio receivers and transmitters at its northern trading posts in the mid-1930s affected the enterprise. Radio allowed the company to quickly adjust store prices to reflect changing world fur prices and had a big impact on domestic life in the Arctic — company personnel relieved social isolation by communicating with family and friends. **60 years ago:** An Autumn 1954 article featured Patsy Henderson, the "only man living in the Yukon" at that time "who witnessed the discovery of gold in the Klondike." W.D. MacBride, then president of the Yukon Historical Society, wrote about how word of the gold rush eventually reached the world and influenced the construction of the White Pass Railway between Carcross and Whitehorse in Yukon Territory. **90 years ago:** Robert Watson provided readers of *The Beaver* with some tips about writing poetry, saying a poet "must be highly strung, keenly attuned, sensitive as the disc of a recording phonograph to fleeting impressions." Watson also noted that "there are no rules for writing poetry, and poets cannot be made."



The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/tradingpost**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbc.com/hbc/history**.

TIES that BIND

Trains have always held a special place in our history and in our hearts.

by Nelle Oosterom

Trains and railways have been part of Canada for more than a hundred and seventy-five years, with their continuing presence serving as an enduring reminder of the past. Whether it's the sound of a distant train horn in the night, the picture-postcard sight of a locomotive pulling a string of cars over a long trestle in the mountains, or the experience of being lulled to sleep by the rhythmic motion of steel wheels rolling over track, contact with trains has a way of evoking times past.

The story of Canada is inextricably bound up with trains. Railway development drove Confederation; a promise to build a transcontinental railway brought British Columbia into Canada in 1871; and Prince Edward Island's rail-building debt pushed it into becoming a province in 1873.

For some, the coming of the railway meant the end of a way of life. First Nations lost their traditional territories, being forced onto reserves to make room for newly arriving settlers. The Métis lost their rights as government troops moved speedily by rail to quash the 1885 uprising.

Locomotive No. 5903 at the entrance to the Rocky Mountains in Alberta, circa 1923.

MCCORD MUSEUM

For others, the railway delivered promise and wealth. Many of us are descended from immigrants whose first memories of Canada are of crossing the country by rail in a no-frills colonist car. Train travel made the breathtaking scenery of the mountains accessible to anyone who could afford a ticket. Rail lines became, in effect, the new Northwest Passage, efficiently bringing goods from west coast ports to the east, and vice versa.

The great age of passenger rail travel ended after the Second World War, when automobiles and airplanes took over. And while it's still possible to ride a train across the country, or to take short hops on commuter runs, for many people train travel is an unfamiliar experience.

Yet, rail travel continues to hold a fascination for many people today, from hobbyists who set up elaborate train tracks in their basements to volunteers who run the many train museums across the country.

Trains and railways are embedded in our identity as Canadians. In this article we explore just a few of the countless stories that inform our rail history.

Railway workers and officials watch Sir Donald Smith drive in the last spike of Canada's transcontintental railway at Craigellachie, British Columbia, on November 7, 1885.

GLENBOW MUSEUM

From first railway to last spike

The driving of the last spike of Canada's transcontinental railway in 1885 can be seen as the completion of a very long journey that began in Lower Canada several decades earlier.

Canada's first railway — the Champlain and St. Lawrence — opened in 1836 outside of Montreal as a tiny seasonal route — effectively a portage — to connect river traffic. Its first run was completed with help from a team of horses, since it was still early days in the development of engines. Initially the wood-burning locomotive ran only at night, so as not to scare people.

From this small beginning came a frenzy of railway building. The St. Lawrence and Atlantic connected Montreal with Portland, Maine, in 1853; the Great Western linked Niagara Falls to Windsor in Canada West in 1854; the Grand Trunk tied Montreal to the United States at Sarnia in 1860; Prince Edward Island's costly and meandering rail line reached into every corner of the island by the mid-1880s.

Nervousness about possible American aggression during and after the American Civil War led the Fathers of Confederation to write the publicly owned Intercolonial Railway of Canada — linking Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec — into the British North America Act in 1867. And, after promising British Columbia a transportation link to eastern Canada within ten years of that province joining Confederation, Prime Minister John A. Macdonald pushed ahead with building a railway over some of the roughest terrain in the world.

The line was built at great cost. Seventeen thousand labourers came in from China to work at back-breaking labour in dangerous conditions for low pay; about seven hundred died. The material costs were also huge. The federal government gave its private partner, the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR), $25 million in cash, ten million hectares of prime land, and an exemption from taxes. Even so, Ottawa had to bail out the near-bankrupt CPR more than once, and the railway came very close to not being finished.

By the time the last spike was driven on November 7, 1885, the sense of exhaustion was evident, and no one seemed in the mood to celebrate. A small party of railroad officials and labourers gathered on a grey drizzly morning at a forlorn spot in the Monashee Mountains of B.C. called Craigellachie. They silently watched CPR director Sir Donald Smith drive a plain iron spike into a regular railway tie — no golden spikes and breaking open champagne bottles, as was the tradition during similar railway completion ceremonies across the border. Afterwards, railway superintendent Cornelius Van Horne made the briefest of pronouncements — "the work has been done well in every way" — and then everyone drifted away.

Yet this moment marked the beginning of a new era. Canada was now united from coast to coast.

The gentleman train robber

GLENBOW MUSEUM

Train robber Bill Miner, photographed after his arrest in British Columbia in 1906.

Train robberies are a big part of the folklore of the American Wild West. Jesse James, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, and other outlaws gained notoriety for their audacious holdups. In Canada, the railways were generally more secure, but at least one famous American train robber made a big splash when he tried his luck in British Columbia.

The facts of Bill Miner's life are not certain, but he had a reputation for unfailing politeness; hence his nickname, the "Gentleman Bandit." After a robbery, he is said to have always wished his victims a "good day" and is credited with being the first to use the phrase "hands up!" A handsome man, he dressed well and spent lavishly, but he also got caught sometimes and spent much of his adult life in prison.

In 1904, a few years after his release from a California penitentiary, Miner stepped across the border into British Columbia. By then he was about fifty-seven, and, lacking a retirement plan, he continued with his unlawful livelihood. With two accomplices, Miner boarded a CPR train near Mission and forced the engineer at gunpoint to halt the train and unhook the baggage and express cars. They took off with at least seven thousand dollars.

Miner lived quietly in B.C. for a couple of years before striking the CPR again, near Kamloops on May 8, 1906. This time things did not go smoothly — Miner's mask was accidently knocked off, and he and his gang overlooked several packets of banknotes and got away with just fifteen dollars and some liver pills. The North West Mounted Police caught up with them a few days later as they were calmly eating lunch. Miner received a twenty-five-year sentence.

By this time, the British Columbia public was quite taken with Miner's charm and his boldness in taking on the CPR, an unpopular monopoly at the time. A famous picture taken by Mary Spencer, a photographer on contract with the Vancouver *Daily Province*, was widely circulated. The *Province* stated that throngs of admirers were on hand to greet him when he arrived to serve his sentence at New Westminster Penitentiary.

Miner didn't stay in the B.C. prison long. By 1907, he managed to tunnel his way out and fled to the United States. Once across the border, he continued his life of crime and died in a Georgia jail in 1913.

Moving the troops

CPR ARCHIVES

Canadian troops travelling by rail during the Northwest Rebellion of 1885.

By the spring of 1885, the Métis living in present-day Saskatchewan had had enough of the federal government's refusal to address their grievances over their rights to their land, their language, and their culture. As they had done sixteen years earlier in the Red River Settlement under Louis Riel, they rose up in resistance.

In both cases, Ottawa sent in troops. The big difference was that in 1885 there was a railway to transport the army. A journey that took three months in 1870 was completed in less than ten days in 1885. This had huge implications.

Riel had apparently not taken the railway into consideration when he came out of exile in Montana to lead the second uprising. Perhaps he was hoping for a similar outcome as with the earlier event — a settlement negotiated before troops arrived. Those negotiations eventually led to Manitoba's entry into Confederation, and, while Riel was compelled to flee, no shots were fired after the arrival of Colonel Garnet Wolseley's army.

The second Riel uprising unfolded very differently. A confrontation led by Métis military leader Gabriel Dumont at Duck Lake left a dozen North-West Mounted Police dead. When word reached Ottawa, Prime Minister John A. Macdonald's Conservative government turned to the CPR for help. This came at just the right time for the CPR, since it was nearly bankrupt.

In return for its help, Parliament authorized a quick loan to the railway of $500,000, with more to follow. CPR superintendent Cornelius Van Horne would later say that the CPR should dedicate a monument to Riel for saving the railway.

But Riel would not be saved. By mid-April the resistance was over. Riel surrendered and was found guilty of treason. He was hanged on November 16, 1885 — nine days after the completion of the CPR.

Members of the royal tour of 1901 pose on their train's cowcatcher during a stop in Glacier, British Columbia.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

A most thrilling ride

In the days before strict rail safety rules, a daring pastime for some was to ride on a locomotive's cowcatcher — a triangular metal frame designed to sweep obstacles out of a train's path. Lady Agnes Macdonald, wife of Canada's first prime minister, famously documented her wild ride over the Rocky Mountains during the couple's cross-country journey over Canada's newly completed Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886. Despite concerns expressed by railway superintendent John Egan, Lady Agnes — who was weeks away from her fiftieth birthday — had train staff fasten a seat to the front of the locomotive.

Later, in her diary, she described her feelings as the train pulled away at Lake Louise: "I feel a thrill that is very like fear; but it is gone at once, and I can think of nothing but the novelty, the excitement, and the fun of this mad ride in glorious sunshine and intoxicating air, with magnificent mountains before and around me, their lofty peaks smiling down on us, and never a frown on their grand faces!" She rode the cowcatcher quite happily for a thousand kilometres from "summit to sea" while her husband, John A. Macdonald, remained comfortably seated in their private train car with a rug over his knees and reading material in hand.

It was evidently a welcome break for a woman who was by nature bold and curious about the world but constrained by her role as "the Chief's" wife.

"She was ill at ease as a hostess, and such social duties as became a prime minister's wife did not come easily to her," said historian P.B. Waite in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography.*

If photos were taken of her exploit, they are no longer in circulation. But it seems others were similarly moved to take a front seat. During a tour of Canada by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in 1901, members of the royal party posed for a picture on the royal train's cowcatcher at Glacier, British Columbia.

Pupils from remote areas attend classes in a school train near Chapleau in northern Ontario, circa 1950.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

School on rails

If you were a child living in a remote area of northern Ontario between the 1920s and the 1960, you might have attended school in a railcar. Schools on rails operated on a number of routes to provide an education to the children of railway workers, miners, forestry workers, trappers, First Nations people, and other northern residents.

The Northern Ontario Railroad Museum and Heritage Centre in Capreol, Ontario, describes the school on wheels as a joint venture between the Ontario Department of Education and the CN and CP railways. A train would drop the railcar off at a designated siding. Kids would arrive and attend school for about a week. They would then be given enough homework to last them until the next time the car came around.

"They travelled by foot and by canoe and on skis and snowshoes," says the museum's website. "One story tells of two young boys aged nine and eleven who travelled twenty miles by dog sled and who then built a small lean-to shelter of pine boughs to stay in overnight. It was minus forty degrees."

The idea of operating a school on rails was begun in 1926 by Fred Sloman, then working in northern Ontario. Sloman spent the next thirty-nine years as a teacher on a school car that served a 240-kilometre stretch between Capreol and Foleye.

Not only did he and his wife, Cela, also a teacher, raise five children in the school car, they became an integral part of the each settlement. They provided basic medical care, offered various kinds of help to new immigrant families, and even provided entertainment in the form of movies, bingo, and card nights.

Sloman was inducted as one of the heroes of the Canadian Railway Hall of Fame in 2003. "Northern Ontario in those days was a land of hardships and deprivations, and Sloman diligently shared his knowledge with the locals and made a real difference in their lives," says the hall of fame's website.

The school on wheels program ended in 1967.

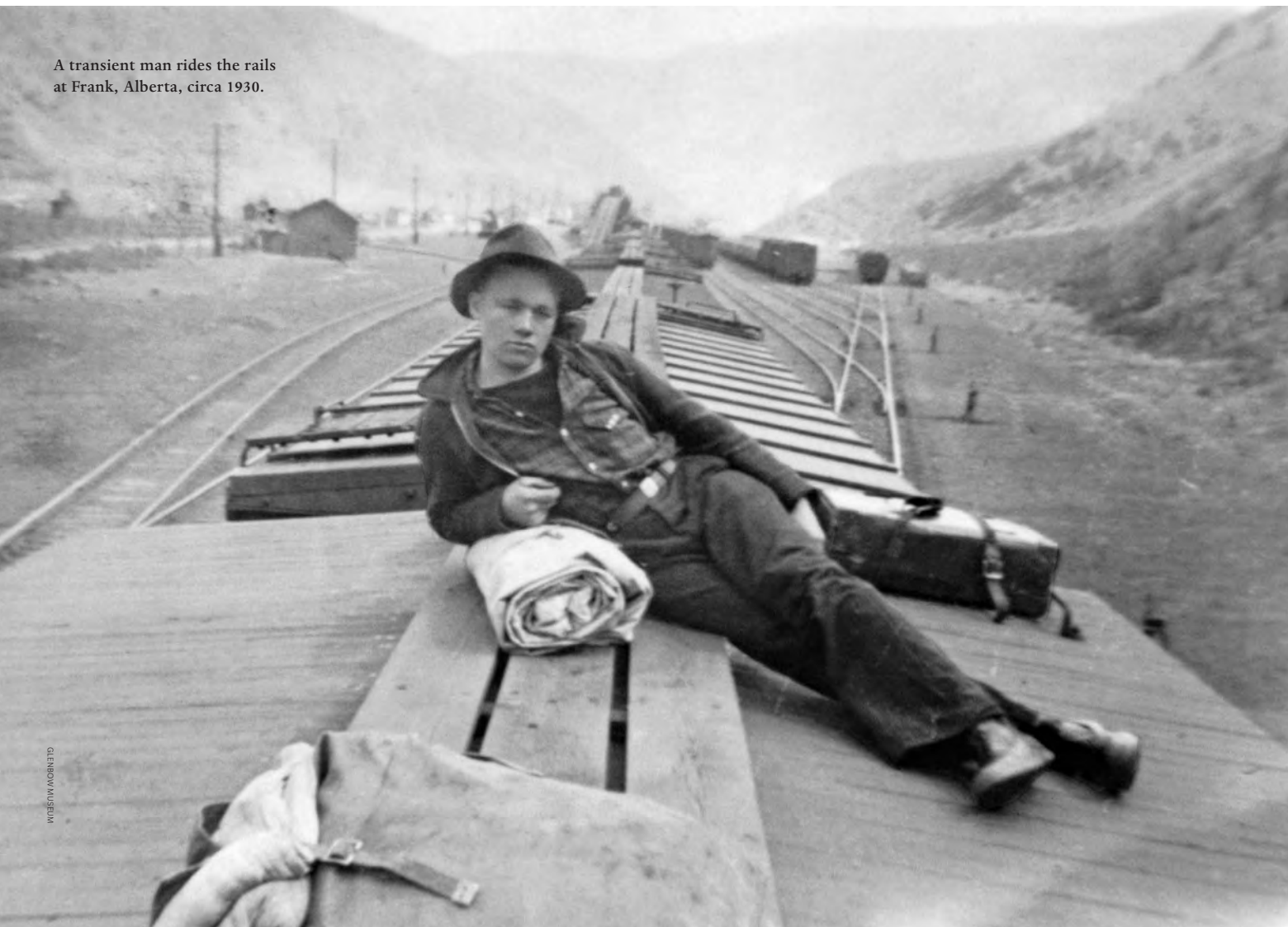
Riding the rails

During the dirty thirties, sneaking onto a boxcar was a cheap, fast way for unemployed people to move across the country in search of work — or to stage a demonstration. In June of 1935, during the height of the Great Depression, more than eight hundred relief camp workers in Vancouver clambered up iron ladders along the sides of an eastbound CPR freight train for the first leg of a planned journey to Ottawa. The On-to-Ottawa Trek was set up to protest what organizers called "slave labour" conditions at the relief camps, where indigent men laboured on public works projects for twenty cents a day.

James Kingsbury of the *Toronto Daily Star* rode along with the protesters as they clung to the tops of boxcars. He reported that their faces were soon blackened by coal dust and their eyes became red and watery from flying cinders. At the mercy of the elements, they were often soaking wet and shivering from cold. But the highly disciplined group caused no trouble and received a great deal of support, even from police, who initially looked the other way. Kingsbury reported that twenty-four British Columbia provincial police officers "gave the boys a big cheer and a wave of their hands as the train passed the boundary" into Alberta. Many people provided food, shelter, or transportation as the trekkers rolled through their communities.

By the time the hobo army reached Regina, the rail-riding crowd had grown to two thousand. Determined to stop the protest, Prime Minister R.B. Bennett's government ordered the CPR and the CNR to regard the trekkers as trespassers and to ban them from their trains. Meanwhile, a delegation of trek leaders was allowed to carry on to Ottawa as regular train passengers. But their meeting with Bennett did not go well. Tensions increased as the RCMP moved in to arrest the trekkers and detained them at a special camp. On July 1, 1935, the Regina Riot broke out after mounted police charged a crowd. One plainclothes officer died, and about 120 protesters were arrested.

Fearing more violence, Saskatchewan Premier James Gardiner stepped in and brokered a deal by which the trekkers would receive free train transportation back to where they had come from. The On-to-Ottawa Trek was over, but few sympathized with Bennett's harsh tactics. Within months, Bennett's government was voted out of office.



A transient man rides the rails at Frank, Alberta, circa 1930.

GLENBOW MUSEUM

Canada's silk road

The completion of Canada's transcontinental railway in 1885 did more than unite the country; it made the search for the Northwest Passage irrelevant. For centuries, merchants hoped that a navigable Arctic sea-trade route would be found to connect with the wealth of the Orient, but this never panned out. Now, with the port of Vancouver connected to the rest of Canada by rail, a lucrative trade route had opened up. Enter the silk train.

Silk trains ruled the rails between 1887 and the early 1930s. The speedy airtight trains carried bales of raw silk from Japan and had priority over all other rail traffic. The valuable cargo was loaded in Vancouver and rushed to Toronto and then on to the silk mills of the eastern United States.

Since raw silk could deteriorate quickly if exposed to heat or moisture, speed was of the essence. The trains travelled at about a mile a minute, which was very fast at the time. The boxcars were shorter than average, the better to take sharp curves at high speed. According to a *Vancouver Daily Province* report from January 10, 1903, the silk train "makes the regular express time appear as but a snail's pace."

Considering all the rush, there were few accidents. The only one on record took place September 21, 1927: A train derailed as it rounded a bend near Hope, British Columbia. No one died, but a number of silk bales tumbled into the fast-flowing Fraser River. According to an article by CN Rail employee Jean-G. Coté in the August 1976 issue of *Canadian Rail*, bales that had floated downstream continued to be found months afterwards. "Local Indians were paid ten dollars per bale for each one found and turned in, though the value of the contents was by this time questionable."

Coté also noted the thrill of watching a silk train speed by. He recalled seeing one approach the Edmonton rail yard in 1927: "In two minutes the headlight of the locomotive had expanded from pinpoint size to a solar dimension and the engine blew up a cloud of steam in the wintry twilight, as it roared by."

The Depression, the Panama Canal, air travel, and the development of synthetic fibres all contributed to the end of the line for the silk trains. By 1933 these special trains were gone.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

A wartime poster for a propoganda film about the Chinese Labour Corps.

Secret war train

Among the clandestine operations carried out by Canada during the First World War, the transport of more than eighty-four thousand Chinese labourers to the front via sealed trains travelling across Canada ranks as one of the most hush-hush. The Canadian Department of Defence file on the Chinese Labour Corps (CLC) was not declassified until 1985.

The scenario was this: The Allies were in need of more fighting men at the front. This meant freeing regular soldiers from non-combat duties. The solution was to use Chinese labour. Britain and France signed a contract with China in January of 1917 to supply men to work behind the lines in France and Belgium. Canada's role was to hire the workers and transport them across the Pacific by steamship, overland from Vancouver to Halifax by rail, and then on to Europe by ship.

While travelling across Canada on the CPR — a railway their predecessors from China had helped to build — the labourers were under close guard, and the windows of the train cars were blocked. During stops, the Chinese were not allowed to leave the train, for fear they would escape. Anti-Asian sentiment in Canada was high at the time. In an October-November 1991 article in *The Beaver* magazine, former guard Donald McKechnie described the precautions as superfluous. "The men gave no indication of being interested in venturing into what would probably have been a hostile environment; and, besides, they were having a good time aboard, and especially enjoyed being fed."

Once in Europe, the workers were placed in special camps and performed a variety of duties, such as bricklaying, carpentry, shoemaking, and plumbing. Although they were behind the lines, they sustained some casualties from aerial bombing and long-range artillery. And, after the war ended, they were engaged in dangerous cleanup duties that involved handling unexploded ordnance and removing battlefield corpses. In total, about two thousand members of the CLC died in Europe, according to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

The labourers returned to China by the same way they left. Again, sealed CPR trains took them across the continent. On one occasion in March 1919, a riot broke out at the overcrowded William Head quarantine station near Victoria, and two thousand men escaped. Most were apprehended, but an unknown number melted away into Victoria's Chinatown. By April 1920, the last steamship carrying the CLC had left Canada for China. But it would be at least seven decades before this unusual chapter of Canadian history became public.

Scottish immigrant families on board a train in Quebec, circa 1911.

No-frills travel

For most new immigrants who arrived in Canada prior to the 1960s, a long train ride to their eventual destination was among the most vivid of their early experiences. Their first impressions were often of days of travel through a seemingly endless expanse of forest, prairie, and mountain. At no time was immigration more brisk than it was during the first decade of the twentieth century, when Canada's population increased by one third, from 5.3 million to 7.2 million. To handle these massive numbers, CP Rail built more than a thousand colonist cars. The cars, in use from 886 to the 1940s, offered cheap fares without any of the frills.

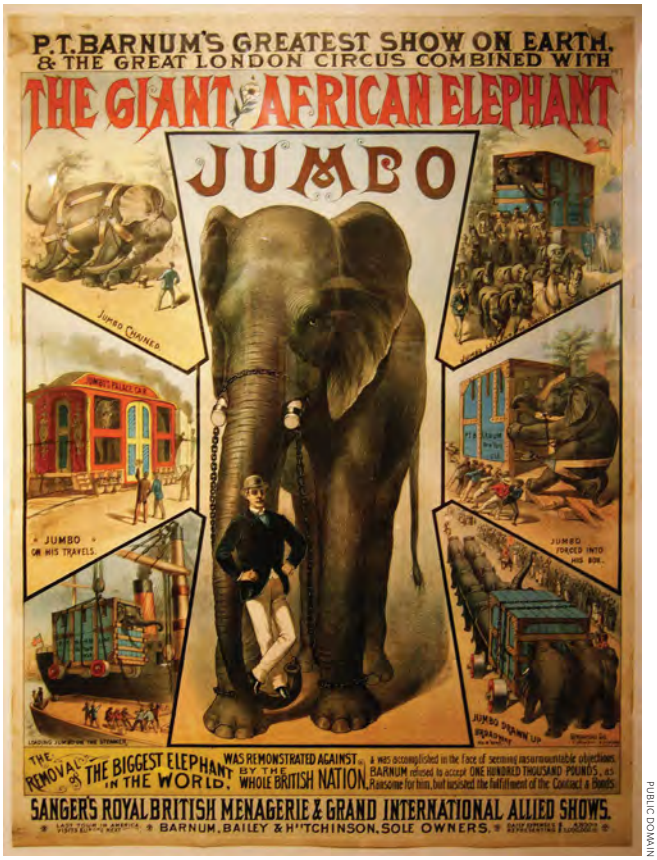
An immigrant interviewed by Barry Broadfoot in *The Pioneer Years, 1895-1914* described travelling in the colonist car as a hellish experience: "At night was the worst. The cars were full and babies were crying and I can't remember any blankets. It seems nobody told anybody to bring bedding, and all our bedding was in our

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

trunks.… I could never stand the sight of a train again."

Other newcomers didn't seem to mind. Writing in his diary in 1887, Joseph Eckersley was apparently quite happy with the way the train was set up: "The arrangements for sleeping are contrived by sliding seats. There is a water closet & stove at each end of the car together with washing stand & bowl. The stove is useful for cooking your food as well as for heating the place."

The Canadian National Railway and its predecessor, Canadian Northern Railway (1899–1923), also transported large numbers of immigrants. In *Canadian Northern Railway and the Men Who Made it Work* (1980) author Jack Bradford writes: "Whole families would be confined to one end of a boxcar with their livestock partitioned off with their personal effects in the rest of the car. The noise of these trains and the livestock as they passed through the town and through the necessary switching moves was terrific."



PUBLIC DOMAIN

An 1880s poster features Jumbo, the "biggest elephant in the world."

A circus train tragedy

Back in the day, when the circus came to town it came by rail. Circus trains were a welcome sight as they travelled from town to town, but mishaps occasionally happened. One of the saddest accidents took place on September 15, 1885. On that date, Jumbo, billed by P.T. Barnum as the world's most famous elephant, performed at a show in St. Thomas, Ontario. As usual, Jumbo was the star attraction, drawing large crowds because of his reputation as an intelligent but gentle animal and his unusually big size.

When the show was over, Jumbo and a tiny elephant, named Tom Thumb, were led along the train tracks on their way to being boarded onto the circus train. At the same time, a freight train came barrelling towards them in the dark. The freight train conductor noticed the animals too late. Seeing the danger, Jumbo reportedly reared up on his hind legs and struck at the locomotive with great force, knocking off the smoke stack and derailing the train. Both elephants were hit. Tom Thumb survived. Jumbo did not.

The accident made headlines around the world, for Jumbo had been widely known and loved. He was captured as an orphaned infant in Africa in the early 1860s and was eventually housed in London's zoological gardens. He gave rides to children, including a young Winston Churchill and the offspring of various European royal families. He was so popular that when the London zoo sold him to the Barnum and Bailey Circus, there were vigorous public protests. However, the circus refused to break the deal and Jumbo was shipped to North America in 1882, where he quickly gained a following.

After his death, Jumbo's legacy lived on. His hide was mounted and displayed at Tufts University near Boston until 1975, when it was destroyed in a fire. Jumbo also endured in popular culture and was the inspiration for a Walt Disney cartoon. In 1985, the city of St. Thomas erected a life-sized statue of Jumbo, which was later included in the city's North American Railway Hall of Fame.

Taking in the view

To travel by train through the Canadian Rockies remains one of life's sublime pleasures. The CPR early on tried various ways of treating its passengers to a full viewing experience while travelling through one of the world's most majestic mountain ranges. Some early railway observation cars were simply roofless, open-air cars tacked on to the rear of the train — fine for viewing but not so great in rain and cold. Also, cinders from the steam locomotives tended to sting the observers' eyes.

Near the turn of the century, the railway introduced enclosed observation cars with enlarged windows and cupolas. These provided better visibility, but it was still hard to view the tops of the mountains. Next came cars with glass panels in the roof, but these proved extremely hot in summer, while in winter the glass tended to steam over with condensation.

Improvements were gradually made. Rupert Brooke was an English poet who toured the Rocky Mountains by train in 1913 while recovering from a messy romantic breakup. He had nothing but praise for the observation car when he wrote: "The Observation-Car is a great invention of the new world. At the end of the train is a compartment with large windows, and a little platform behind it, roofed over, but exposed otherwise to the air. On this platform are sixteen little perches, for which you fight with Americans. Victorious, you crouch on one, and watch the ever-receding panorama behind the train.

"It is an admirable way of viewing scenery. But a day of being perpetually drawn backwards at a great pace through some of the grandest mountains in the world has a queer effect. Like life, it leaves you with a dizzy irritation. For, as in life, you never see the glories till they are past, and then they vanish with incredible rapidity. And if you crane to see the dwindling further peaks, you miss the new splendours."

Today, the air-conditioned dome cars of Via Rail's passenger service remain a favourite for rail travellers.

Locomotive No. 1967

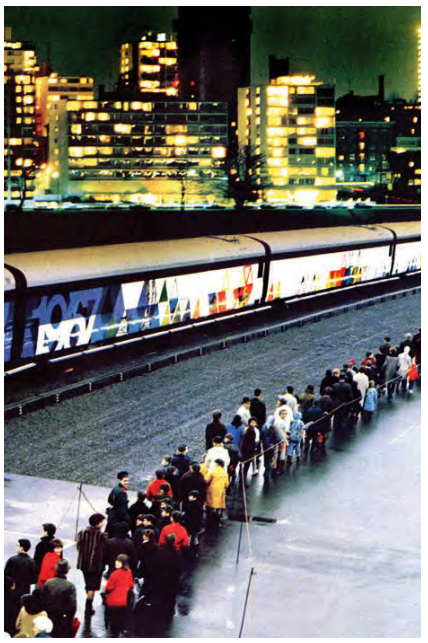
For those who couldn't attend Expo 67 in Montreal, a visit to the Confederation train was the next best thing. Considering how central the building of the transcontinental railway was to the birth of Canada as a country, it's little wonder that the train was one of the most popular features of the 1967 centennial.

With its sides dramatically emblazoned with colourful centennial graphics and its locomotive numbered "1967," the train stopped at more than eighty cities and towns across the country. It featured six coaches filled with multimedia exhibits telling the story of Canada from its prehistoric beginnings to the atomic age.

The train was outfitted with a special horn that played the first four bars of "O Canada." People lined up for hours to step on board. (Similar tractor-trailor caravans travelled to communities not accessible by rail, attracting comparable crowds.)

As Peter H. Aykroyd wrote in *The Anniversary Compulsion* (1992), the long lineups were not a deterrent. "People didn't mind. After all the caravan comes to us, doesn't it? It's a privilege. Glad to wait." Moreover, admission was free.

The journey started in Victoria, British Columbia, on January 9, 1967. The train arrived on the east coast in October, then doubled back to end its journey in Montreal on December 5. What was then cutting-edge technology allowed visitors to see, hear, and feel Canada's history.



YVON BELLEMARE

The Confederation train in Montreal, 1967.

"The visitor to the train will feel what it was like to take steerage passage to Canada from Europe as so many Canadian immigrants did," its marketing material promised the throngs of visitors.

"He will be surrounded by the atmosphere experienced by the Canadian soldier in the First World War. He will be taken dramatically through the boom and bust of the twenties and relive the atmosphere of the hungry thirties."

The train wasn't a welcome sight for everyone. In Montreal, a group of about seventy separatists attacked it, throwing paint on its sides. The protesters denounced the exhibition as propaganda that lied about events such as the deportation of Acadians.

Most Canadians loved the Confederation train, though. By the end of its yearlong run, the train had received more than 2.7 million visitors.

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Supporters of Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson's three-maple-leaf flag — the "Pearson pennant" — stage a rally on Parliament Hill on June 1, 1964. A group opposed to changing the flag also demonstrated at Parliament on that date.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

THE GREAT FLAG DEBATE

It stirs our hearts today, but when the Maple Leaf became Canada's flag fifty years ago some saw it as demoralizing.

by Allan Levine

For Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, travelling to Winnipeg on May 16, 1964, was a bit like the biblical Daniel walking into the lion's den. The lions he was about to face were veteran members of the Royal Canadian Legion gathered at their national convention. They knew he was coming to sell them on his proposal for a new flag with a maple leaf design and to retire the Canadian Red Ensign under which Canadian soldiers had fought and served. And some of them were prepared to roar with disapproval.

During the flight to Winnipeg aboard the government Jetstar, Pearson thumbed through marked issues of the Legion's magazine — the *Legionary* — and calmly read every adverse article that had been written about his flag proposal. The cover of the magazine — which bore a Canadian Red Ensign with the caption "This Is Canada's Flag: Keep It Flying" — said it all. But if Pearson, who headed a minority Liberal government, was nervous, he didn't show it. "Nothing appeared to bother him," recalled John Matheson, the Ontario Liberal MP who accompanied Pearson on the trip and played a key role in the flag drama. "When he stepped off the plane in Winnipeg and mingled with the legionnaires, it was obvious that he felt at home and relaxed."

The next day, Pearson entered the jam-packed Capitol Theatre in the city's downtown and faced about two thousand delegates, many of them wearing Red Ensign pins in silent protest. As he stepped to the podium, the audience could see that the prime minister was wearing his set of medals from the First World War, a reminder that he was one of them. He then launched into a passionate speech about patriotism, service to the

country, and the importance of "pride in our nation and its citizenship."The key point of his remarks was that Canada needed a flag that would be relevant to all Canadians, not just those of British descent.

"I believe that today a flag designed around the maple leaf will symbolize … will be a true reflection of — the new Canada." His remarks received polite applause in addition to loud boos and hisses from a minority in the audience. Legion president Judge Clare C. Sparling twice jumped to the podium to call the members to order. Pearson laughed, shrugging off the interruptions and continuing with his speech. The great Canadian flag debate had now officially begun.

The debate would rage for more than six months, cause acrimony in the House of Commons, unleash an emotional debate among Canadians everywhere, and, in the end, do little to unite the country.

Above: The "Pearson pennant" that almost became Canada's flag.

Below left: Supporters of the Red Ensign at a Legion convention in Winnipeg in May of 1964.

Below right: Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, wearing his military service medals, addresses the 1964 Legion convention.

Until the adoption of the Maple Leaf, Canada did not really have a flag of its own. After Confederation in 1867, Canada used the Union Jack and then the Red Ensign as it flags. Both were symbols of the country's historic connection to Britain. During the 1920s and 1940s, Liberal Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King considered the adoption of a new flag, but there was little support for it. Instead, by an order-in-council passed on September 5, 1945, the Canadian Red Ensign — which as of 1921 featured the Union Jack and the shield of the coat of arms of Canada with three maple leaves at the bottom — was designated as the flag that was to be flown on all federal buildings "until such time as action is taken by Parliament for the adoption of a national flag."

In Pearson's opinion, the time for such action had arrived in early 1964. Canada, he believed, was on the brink of a major crisis. The rising tide of Quebec nationalism threatened the survival of Confederation. As Pearson recalled in his memoirs, "the flag was part of a deliberate design to strengthen national unity, to improve federal-provincial relations, to devise a more appropriate constitution, and to guard against the wrong kind of American penetration."

Pearson had first concluded that Canada needed its own official flag when he was secretary of state for external affairs in the 1950s. Once he became Liberal Party leader in 1958, he supported the inclusion of a new flag in the party's platform. At a rally in 1961, he promised that "a Liberal government will establish a distinctive Canadian flag within two years of taking office," a commitment that was reiterated during the 1962 and 1963 federal election campaigns.

Once in power, Pearson was true to his word. He assigned the task of conducting the initial research on a new flag to Matheson, the MP for Leeds in eastern Ontario. Matheson was of Loyalist heritage, a wounded veteran of the Second World War, a distinguished lawyer, and a member of the Heraldry Society of England. He was also later involved in the creation of the Order of Canada. "Everybody seemed to assume that [producing a suitable flag] would be a straightforward, simple matter," Matheson later wrote. Matheson, Pearson, and every other Liberal soon discovered how wrong that assessment was.

As Pearson's biographer John English pointed out, "1964 was one of the worst political years in Canadian history." As the head of a tottering minority government besieged by scandals, Pearson hoped a new flag would serve as "an elixir that might transform followers, wearied of the parliamentary battles and sad at heart as their heroes fell. Moreover, in the races against national division, a new flag might be a rallying symbol," said English.

By the spring, following discussions with Matheson and others, Pearson had a fairly good idea of what a new Canadian flag would look like: two blue bars, top and bottom, with three maple leaves on a white background. Later this

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NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

A group in support of keeping the Red Ensign as Canada's flag demonstrates on Parliament Hill on June 1, 1964. RCMP were out in full force to ensure there were no clashes between these protesters and an opposing group supporting a new flag.

design was modified by war veteran Alan Beddoe, an artist, who placed the blue bars vertically to symbolize Canada's motto of a dominion "from sea to sea." Much to Pearson's annoyance, this design was soon derided by the Conservatives and their allies in the press as the "Pearson pennant."

Yet Pearson pressed on. Demonstrating the "courage of a Roman gladiator," as an editorial in the *Hamilton Spectator* described it, Pearson broached the subject of the flag at the Royal Canadian Legion branch in Espanola, Ontario, in his home riding of Algoma East in early May. In his speech, he made the case for the uniqueness of the maple leaf as a Canadian symbol and expressed to his skeptical audience "the pride he felt at wearing the maple leaf badge" as a Canadian soldier during the First World War.

He next met privately with eight Ottawa journalists to survey their opinions of the three-maple-leaf flag design that he was about to publicly unveil. The intimate gathering was supposed to be off-the-record — at least according to Richard O'Hagan, Pearson's press secretary — but Walter Stewart of the *Toronto Star*, one of the reporters O'Hagan had invited, broke the unwritten protocol (he later denied he had done anything wrong) and wrote an article about the new flag. His colleague Val Sears wrote in a companion piece that Pearson had already chosen the flag design. The two articles and the publicity they received played into Opposition and Progressive Conservative leader John Diefenbaker's hands. He accused the Liberals of being manipulative and Pearson with subverting Parliament by "personally" selecting the flag design and already informing the Queen about it — a charge the prime minister denied.

At the same time, Pearson was not to be deterred. Without conferring with his Cabinet (according to historian Norman Hillmer) he decided to speak about the flag at the Legion convention in Winnipeg, setting off a national, and frequently contentious, discussion.

Following Pearson's well-publicized Winnipeg speech, some commentators denounced the Liberals as being anti-British. "To tamper with our traditional flag — the Canadian Ensign — at this time is mischievous and dangerous," the editors of the *Toronto Telegram* claimed in a typical criticism. Some Canadian historians, including Donald Creighton and W.L. Morton, protested that the proposed flag was "innocuous" and that, contrary to Pearson's belief, it would not promote national unity but merely produce "an indifferent response." Some members of the Liberal Cabinet were uncertain what to make of the fuss, and there were discussions about simplifying the design and featuring only one maple leaf rather than three.

Academic studies and opinion polls of the era indicated that Canadians were more or less evenly divided about adopting a new flag and retiring the Red Ensign. There is, however, no convincing polling data of French-speaking Quebecers, the group the flag was allegedly meant to appease, notes historian C.P. Champion, who has written extensively on the flag debate. The comment made in December 1964 by then University of Montreal law professor Pierre Trudeau — who within less than a year was elected to Parliament and became a member of Pearson's government — that "French Canada did not give a tinker's

Postwar flag proposals

Debate over a new flag began in earnest after the Second World War, when national pride over Canada's contribution to the war effort was at its height. The flags below were designed in 1945–46. They incorporate fleurs-de-lys, maple leaves, stars (for provinces), and Union Jacks. The chevrons (arrows) included on the flag second from bottom represent Canada's First Nations.

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UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES

damn about the flag" was probably accurate. Moreover, if French-speaking Quebecers did feel connected to a flag, it was the fleur-de-lys, the province's official flag adopted in 1948 at the behest of Premier Maurice Duplessis and his Union Nationale government.

The flag debate in the House of Commons opened on June 15, 1964, with the Liberal government's proposal to adopt the three-leafed flag on a field of white between sections of blue. The resolution included a provision to fly the Union Jack on certain occasions — an attempt to show respect for history and tradition.

If the flag resolution was to pass, the minority Liberals needed support from the other parties. Tommy Douglas of the New Democratic Party was in no rush to proceed. Réal Caouette, the leader of the Ralliement des créditistes, the independent Quebec wing of the Social Credit Party of Canada, generally approved of the Liberal plan, though he regarded the maple leaf design "of British and regal inspiration" and did not support the continued use of the Union Jack.

The main obstacle in the House was Diefenbaker. Pearson's detested Tory adversary could not be placated or convinced of the merits of the flag. To Diefenbaker, it was a disavowal of Canada's British tradition. He demanded a referendum on the flag, something Pearson was not prepared to hold. The Commons continued sitting all summer, but the Conservatives held firm in their opposition. By mid-September, with Parliament seriously stalemated, Pearson finally obtained Diefenbaker's agreement to refer the flag issue to a parliamentary committee. Seven of the members were Liberal, five were Conservative, and the NDP, Social Credit, and Créditistes each had one member. Matheson, who was appointed the committee's chairman, was given six weeks to produce a report. Pearson was confident about the outcome. "We are going to have a new flag by Christmas," he told one party supporter. "It's going to be a distinctive national flag, and it will be based on this historic and proud emblem of Canada, the maple leaf."

That prediction turned out to be correct. Yet what the flag the committee eventually endorsed was not Pearson's preferred blue, red, and white trifoliate design. Some months earlier, Matheson had consulted with veteran and historian George F.G. Stanley, then the dean of arts at the Royal Military College of Canada in Kingston, Ontario. As Matheson recalled, Stanley "believed that simplicity was of the essence in a flag and that a single maple leaf would serve better than the three." For his model, Stanley recommended a design based on the military college's red and white flag, which he noted were "traditional colours for French and English Canadians." In time, Matheson, who had been committed to Pearson's three-leaf design, changed his view and advocated for a flag with a single red maple leaf with two red vertical bars on a white background.

By the end of October, the choice before the parliamentary committee came down to three designs: a Union Jack and fleur-de-lys combination; Pearson's blue, red, and white three maple leaves; and the Stanley-inspired white and red single maple leaf. When the committee vote was taken, the five Conservatives naturally assumed that the seven Liberals would vote for the Pearson pennant. And, with the intent of producing a divided result, they cast their ballots for the Stanley design.

Instead, the Liberals by mutual agreement — and with orders from Pearson, who did not want his flag to pass with a slim majority — had also decided to vote in favour of Stanley's flag, so that it was the design most favoured by the committee and presented to Parliament.

A day before the committee's report was tabled, however, Diefenbaker, who was furious at what had transpired, publicly dismissed the single maple leaf flag as being too close in design to the flag of Peru — which also has two vertical red bars with a coat of arms in the middle against a white background. "If we ever get that flag, we would have the Peruvians saluting it, anyway," he sarcastically declared in a television interview,

His caustic remarks set the tone for fourteen days of rancorous debate in the House of Commons. According to Pearson, "Mr. Diefenbaker was determined to do everything possible to defeat and destroy this resolution." The Conservatives proposed an amendment that a national plebiscite on the flag be held. When that failed, they started a prolonged filibuster.

The Liberals were rescued from this embarrassing mess on December 9 by a member of the Conservative caucus, Léon Balcer, a Quebec MP who had had enough of his own party's time-wasting ploy. He urged the Liberals to invoke closure to halt the debate and call for the vote, a proposal endorsed by Caouette's Creditistes. Though Pearson was hesitant to use closure — given the bitter memories of the pipeline debate of 1956, in which a Liberal government also invoked closure, an action that was roundly condemned and had paved the way for Diefenbaker's Conservatives to come to power — he felt he had little choice.

On December 15, a motion on closure passed 152 to 85. Diefenbaker berated the Liberals that they had given the country, "a flag by closure." Nonetheless, two days later on December 17, 1964, at 2:15 A.M., after 270 speeches had been delivered on the subject, Canada's flag with the single red maple leaf was declared official by a vote of 163 to 78. All but three MPs rose from their seats and sang a loud rendition of "O Canada."

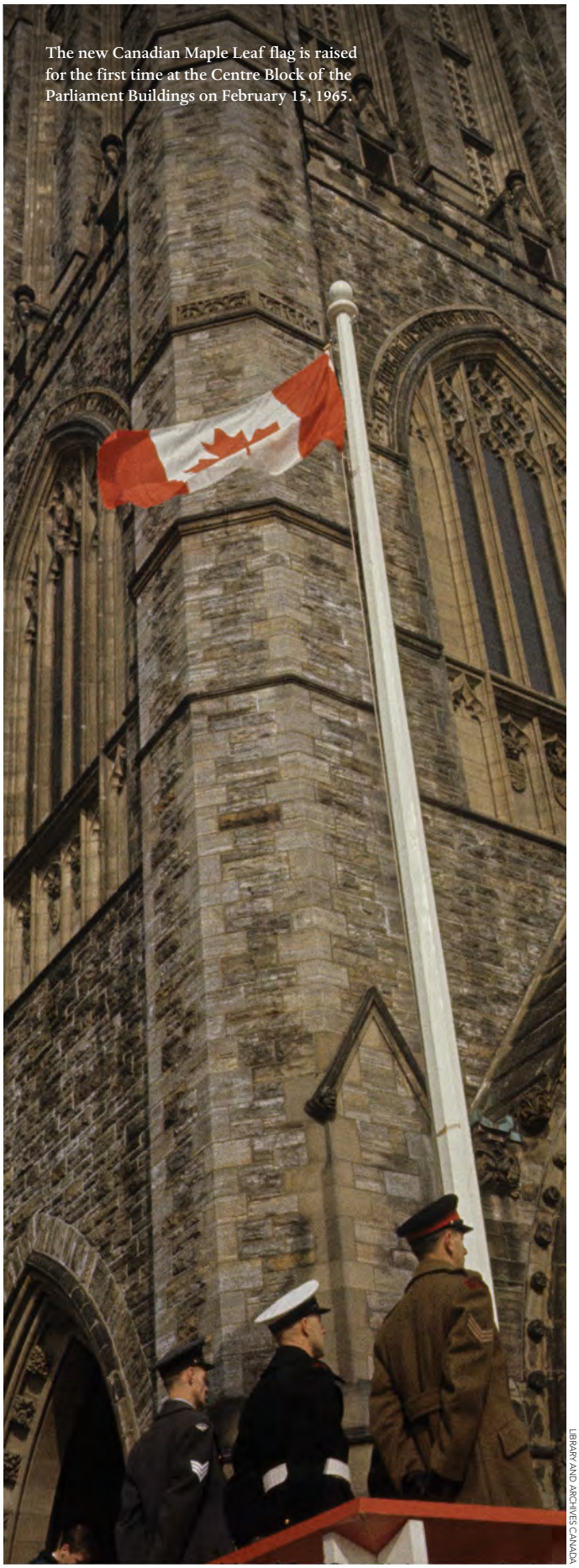
At the end of January 1965, Pearson travelled to London to witness Queen Elizabeth II sign a proclamation affirming Parliament's decision. Then, back in Ottawa on February 15, at the damp and cool Flag Day ceremony on Parliament Hill in the shadow of the Peace Tower, the Red Ensign was taken down and the new Maple Leaf flag was raised with a resounding cheer from the dignitaries and the large crowd in attendance. For Pearson, it was a proud moment — his proudest as prime minister, according to his wife Maryon — while a news photo published the next day showed Diefenbaker shedding a tear.

Did the new flag make Canada less British? Not according to historian Champion, who has convincingly shown that the choice of the maple leaf for Canada's flag as well as the eventual choice of the colours red and white all had deep British roots."If it was not explicitly British in appearance, the rebranding of British scarlet, the red of the Red Ensign, as 'gules on a Canadian pale argent,' represented a continuing, if more subtle, Britishness — the legacy of a very British coup," writes Champion.

This may be so. But five decades ago the adoption of the Maple Leaf flag was perceived as a step forward in Canada's national development. As author Peter C. Newman wrote in 1964, it marked a "transfer of power from one generation to the next."

Since its inception, the Maple Leaf flag has been carried proudly in every winter and summer Olympics since 1968. It has been highlighted on sports uniforms, worn on suit lapels, and displayed on the backpacks of generations of Canadians trekking across the world.

Fittingly, when Pearson passed away in 1972, his coffin was draped with the red Maple Leaf flag. And, just as fittingly, when Diefenbaker died six years later, his casket was covered with two flags — a Maple Leaf and a Red Ensign — sewn together.



The new Canadian Maple Leaf flag is raised for the first time at the Centre Block of the Parliament Buildings on February 15, 1965.

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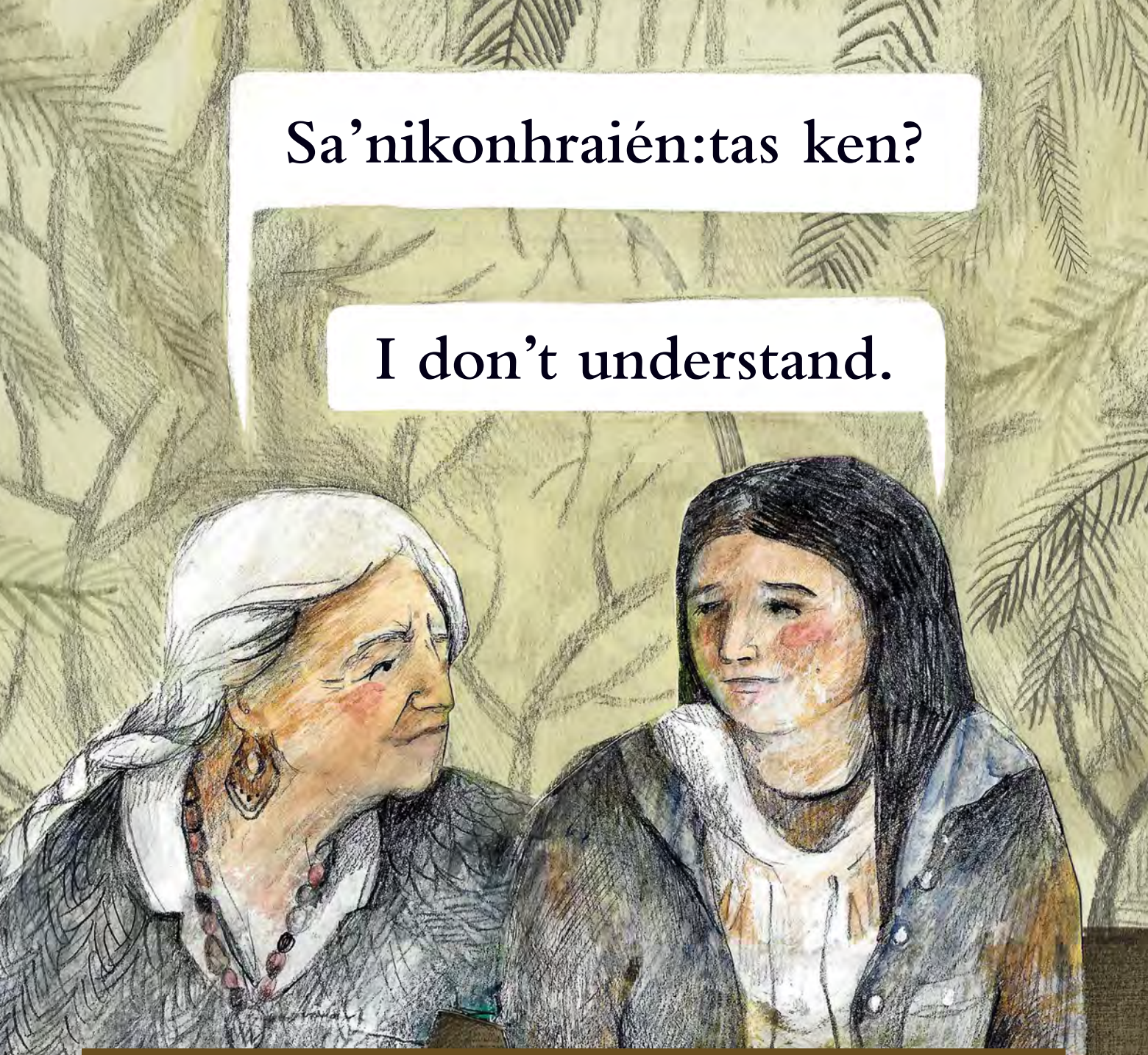

THE UNPAVED ROAD

EFFORTS ARE UNDERWAY TO REVIVE THE ENDANGERED LANGUAGES OF CANADA'S ABORIGINAL PEOPLES

by Blair McBride

ILLUSTRATION: MATHILDE CINQ-MARS

Just outside of Brantford, Ontario, Garden Avenue leads south off Highway 403. Industrial parks, warehouses, and gas stations dot the landscape between long stretches of farmer's fields. Garden Avenue passes through Henry Street, Johnson Road, and then Ewart Avenue — all unremarkable names in southern Ontario.

Then the European names on the signs begin to change. Old Onondaga Road intersects Garden Avenue. Then Oneida Street. Then Tuscarora Street. The road curves, and the Grand River comes into view. Another turn south and the road leads through Ohsweken, the main village of the Six Nations of the Grand River reserve.

In a geographical sense, the place names on the reserve reflect its heritage. The six Aboriginal nations of the old Haudenosaunee (Iroquois) Confederacy — the Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga, Seneca, and Tuscarora — settled here after the American Revolution.

But, in another sense, the place names, and the road leading through the reserve, mark a journey back to a time before Europeans arrived in this area. A sign reading "Thank You/ *Niaweh* for Visiting Mohawk Trading Post" sits beside the road, hinting at a time here when *niaweh* was uttered more often than thank you.

The road continues through the mostly rural reserve, past forests, simple two-storey homes, and cars rusting in fields. One can picture the scene as it was two hundred years ago: a dirt road, horse-drawn carts rolling along, and residents conversing in Haudenosaunee tongues.

An imposing, three-storey building appears on the left — the Iroquois Lacrosse Arena. Outside is a sign for Kawenni:io Private School. Inside, visitors are greeted by a colourful mural depicting three figures in traditional buckskin clothing holding hands. Along the top is written *She:kon/ Sge:no* — which means hello in Mohawk and Cayuga.

Kawenni:io is a Mohawk and Cayuga language immersion school where students are taught the fundamentals of Haudenosaunee culture. For instance, posters on a wall depict wildlife considered sacred to the Haudenosaunee. Mohawk names are printed underneath the pictures: *a'no:wara* (turtle), *ohskennon:ton* (deer), *ohkwa:ri* (bear), and *kentson* (fish). Kawenni:io's curriculum isn't just an exercise in specialized education; it's an attempt to address a cultural crisis.

Aboriginal languages in Canada are rapidly declining. A 2011 census by Statistics Canada lists fifty-seven distinct First Nations languages. The majority of those have less than a thousand speakers, most of whom are elderly. In British Columbia, a 2010 report described all of the province's thirty-two indigenous languages as endangered, with three having no known living speakers. Of the Iroquoian language family to which Ontario's Six Nations languages belong, Mohawk has 545 speakers, Cayuga has 240, and Oneida has only 180.

There are many reasons for the decline, including the legacy of Indian residential schools, where Aboriginal children were not allowed to speak their own language and were sometimes punished for doing so. The government-funded, church-administered schools operated across Canada from the mid-nineteenth century until the 1990s. In 2008 the federal government apologized for the significant harm done to children who were separated from their families and exposed to abuse.

"When you think about how the language was taken from us from residential school, it just put the fight in us to save the language," Kawenni:io school principal Isabel Jacobs said in an interview. Jacobs, a Mohawk, described herself simply as "old" when asked her age. She recalled the effort it took to open the school in 1986: "The driving force was the parents," said Jacobs. "They started without any money. Not knowing where the money would come to pay the teachers, the parents would take money out with their credit cards just to pay weekly."

Today the school is funded through the federal department of Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Canada (AANDC). It has about a hundred and forty students from kindergarten to Grade 12. Until Grade 6, the students receive all their education in either Cayuga or Mohawk. From Grade 7 onwards, half of their classes are taught in English and half in a Haudenosaunee language.

Gerrard Smith, a tall teenage student with buzz-cut hair, said his grandmother was the only person in his family who spoke Mohawk. "It was my decision to come to Kawenni:io," Gerrard said. "I was always interested in the language. I liked hearing how different words are pronounced."

Outside of school classes, Gerrard uses Mohawk for rituals at the longhouse, where religious ceremonies are held among the Haudenosaunee. "It feels pretty good," he said. "When we're conducting ceremonies it feels like we're doing it for the Creator."

But Gerrard has yet to become fully fluent in the language. His parents raised

WENDEL SIMON HILL

A student at Kawenni:io Private School on the Six Nations of the Grand River Reserve practises his spelling.

Students of Kawenni:io Private School give a presentation to members of the Six Nations of the Grand River Reserve in southern Ontario.

him to speak English, and he faces the same challenges that Haudenosaunee languages present to any student. Simply put, they are tough to learn. Most Aboriginal languages in North America are known in linguistic typology as polysynthetic. Words and concepts are formed by adding on prefixes and suffixes, which mark things like person, gender, and number. One word in Mohawk would be an entire sentence in English. It can result in very long words.

For example, *Skennenko:wa ken?* looks like two words but is divisible into three words — *Skennen* (peace), *ko:wa* (big), and *ken?* (question marker). It is often translated as "How are you?" but the accurate translation is closer to, "Are you at peace?"

Even though he has been studying Mohawk for years, Gerrard acknowledges that its structure can be complicated. "It's hard breaking the words down into parts, and remembering all the different prefixes, using little words here and there — just keep building it and building it." After he graduates from Kawenni:io he plans on continuing with his Mohawk studies at a school for older learners. "Maybe [I'll] teach and make sure the next generation knows our stories and ceremonies."

A two-and-a-half-hour drive north of Brantford's Six Nations territory brings a visitor to the shores of Georgian Bay on Lake Huron. The names here also point to the history of the region. There is Nottawasaga Bay — Nottawasaga in Algonquin means "Iroquois at the mouth of the river." There is Wendake Beach — Wendake means "land of the Wyandot" in the old Huron/Wyandot language. And there is Ossossane Beach — named by the French to denote a large Wyandot ossuary that was excavated just east of the beach.

East to Midland, the road leads to the historical site of Sainte-Marie Among the Hurons, a reconstructed Jesuit village from the seventeenth century. It is an outdoor museum where visitors can learn about the first European settlement in Ontario — a settlement located in the heart of Wyandot country.

Disease — and war with their distant cousins the Haudenosaunee — scattered the Wyandot people from this area in the mid-seventeenth century. Some of them fled to Lorette-ville, near Quebec City, where their descendants live today at the Wendake reserve. Others migrated south into the United States. Today there are three Wyandot communities in Kansas, Oklahoma, and Michigan.

But along the roads to those four Wyandot communities something is missing: their original language. Its last native speakers died a century ago. Its last fluent speaker, Sarah Duchene of Oklahoma, died in the 1960s. When Duchene died, a road stretching back thousands of years hit a dead end. And beyond was a gaping, dark pit. Songs, poems, jokes, oral histories, and stories disappeared and went silent.

The road is gone, but the tools to rebuild it remain. Some people are using those tools to build a new pathway to an ancient language.

Richard Zane Smith is a Wyandot artist and potter who lives in Oklahoma. He is also a part-time teacher of the language. "Of course we don't really use that word 'extinct'; we'll say dormant or sleeping," he explained over the phone. "It turns out we have an amazing amount of material that was recorded. We have some recordings from wax cylinders, to give an idea of what the sound of the language was like."

Jesuit missionaries spent years living among the Wyandot and Haudenosaunee in the seventeenth century, and they left behind translations of Wyandot, including word lists and grammars. The diaries of Jean de Brébeuf and

WENDELL SIMON HILL

Gabriel Sagard are not only linguistically rich but also fascinating descriptions of Aboriginal life before European influences intensified. Often the Jesuits studied the languages under the grim conditions of war, epidemics, and religious persecution.

Smith's own journey with the language began in the late 1980s. He discovered word lists of Wyandot with English translations. "I gathered as much as I could, but I wanted to be able to do my own prayers in the language, and I was in sweat [lodge ceremonies], and I wanted to speak as much Wyandot language in the sweat lodge. So in a way it kind of started by wanting to do prayers," he said.

Over the phone, Smith sang something that sounded like a Wyandot prayer:

Skat tinde shek ndako weesh
Skat tinde shek ndako weesh
Skat tinde shek ndako weesh
Waja setere entere entran ahsen!

But it wasn't a spiritual chant. It was a one-to-ten numbers song for children. It's one of the basic ways to get them started in a language that has no speech communities, no speaking environments in which students can be taught to interact.

"We start them with songs, and I do puppets and do body parts," he said. "They learn the songs, they learn what the puppets are doing, and then we do a body parts song and we're pointing and we stand up and sit down and we spin around."

The Chinese philosopher Lao-tzu said, "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." The road to resurrecting Wyandot will indeed take a thousand proverbial miles.

The task seems overwhelming. All four Wyandot communities are surrounded by English and French speakers. And, even if each community managed to raise the next generation speaking fluent Wyandot, what then? They would eventually need to leave the community to work and enter a world of European languages. It would be difficult to keep Wyandot strong if the language was spoken only at home and not in the larger world. In Ontario, the Six Nations community faces the same challenges.

The field of language revitalization is tiny and lonely. Success stories are very few despite many efforts to revive endangered languages around the world. But there are encouraging initiatives afoot. Cornish, a Gaelic language that was spoken in southern England, has undergone a slow revival after its last native speaker passed away in the eighteenth century. Today, several hundred people claim to be fluent in Cornish, though there are few reports of children being raised as native Cornish speakers.

There is, in fact, only one example of successful revitalization: Hebrew. Its status as a spoken language faded away thousands of years ago, but it remained a written language for religious purposes. In the late nineteenth century, as the Zionist movement expanded in Europe, Jewish scholars adapted written Hebrew into a spoken language. They borrowed new words from European languages or Semitic languages like Arabic and Aramaic to compensate for gaps in the ancient language.

Jewish immigration to Palestine increased in the twentieth century, and Hebrew unified the multinational migrants into one speech community. By the time Israel became a state in 1948, Hebrew was already the language of Jewish institutions there. Today Hebrew is the national language of Israel and has over five million fluent speakers.

Will the Wyandot road reach a destination like Hebrew? Craig Kopris, a professional linguist, thinks it's possible but that the chances are slim. Kopris is a language consultant at the University of Maryland Center for Advanced Study

of Language. He has studied several Aboriginal languages and wrote his PhD. dissertation on a descriptive grammar and dictionary of Wyandot. He sometimes travels to the Wyandotte Nation reservation in Oklahoma to help its members to develop language materials. Over the phone from Washington, D.C., he explained that there are only some parallels between Hebrew and Wyandot.

"Hebrew was used as a liturgical language. There were plenty of people who could essentially speak it, like Latin, even though not a lot of people understood it."

The literary resources of Hebrew were vast compared to those of Wyandot. "With a liturgical language there is at least a core of the community that knows the language. But with Wyandot there isn't that core," he said. "I can imagine Wyandot being learned well enough by people to reach the status of a liturgical language, and then there would be people who could pass it on to a wider community. But it's one step at a time."

Thirty years down the road, it's possible that young people at Six Nations could be fluent in a Haudenosaunee language.

Kopris said Wyandot may be starting to wake up at the Wendake reserve at Loretteville. "In Quebec, I was originally pessimistic. But I started seeing the results and the number of people interested in learning the language and how much time and effort they were putting into it. Just seeing how people were using greetings and even more complicated phrases with each other, I've become more of an optimist," he said.

In Ontario, the concrete-and-glass buildings of Toronto's Humber College seem an unlikely place for the revival of an ancient indigenous language. But Humber could be hosting the beginnings of a developing Wyandot liturgical core.

On a rainy Monday morning in March, the staff lounge at Humber is quiet. Only a few teachers sit and chat over coffee. The dullness is interrupted when a man with a puffy white beard marches in. In one hand he is carrying a black briefcase, in the other a sheaf of dog-eared documents. He wears a black T-shirt printed with images of trees, mountains, and the words "Get Lost."

John Steckley is a social studies professor who has written five books on Wyandot, including *A Huron-English/English-Huron Dictionary*, the first dictionary of the language written in over two hundred and fifty years. The Wyandot nation recognized him for his efforts, adopted him, and gave him the name Tehaondechoren ("he who splits the country in two.")

Steckley was first drawn to Wyandot in 1973 by grammars written by Jesuit missionaries. "I saw that all this stuff was written in and about the language," he explained. "The whole irony struck me — dead language but more written in it than most of the other Aboriginal languages. So, I figured, why not learn it?"

The dictionary he published in 2007 was the result of thirty years of study. He spent a lot of time breaking Wyandot words down into verb and noun roots, and he compared them with words from other Iroquoian languages.

Gesturing dramatically with his hands and grabbing at invisible words in the air, he gave an example of how he split a word into its two parts: "There are verbs like *oot*, which means 'to stand.' So if you say hill or mountain in Wendat you'd say *ohnontoot*, which is 'standing hill.' You wouldn't say *onanta* [the noun for 'mountain']."

By the looks of it, Steckley could be ready to publish a second edition of his dictionary. His own copy is filled with revisions of his translations, with French, Seneca, and Mohawk notes scrawled in blue pen.

Though Steckley rarely speaks Wyandot because of a lack of opportunities to converse in the language — he laughs at the claims of a 2007 *Toronto Star* article that said he was the "sole speaker of Huron" — he has contributed a great deal of knowledge about this language. "I'm trying to create a literature for the language so that when someone grows up in Wendake and they have a feel for the language they will have a literature that they can go to. I want to create a literature for the next generation."

Linguists say that of the fifty-seven Aboriginal languages spoken across the country only three — Cree, Ojibway, and Inuktitut — have a healthy chance of long-term survival. The 2011 Statistics Canada census on Aboriginal languages states that 83,145 people speak Cree, 19,275 speak Ojibway, and 34,110 people speak Inuktitut.

Those languages are strong for least three main reasons. One is population size. Cree, Ojibway, and Inuktitut all have large populations spread across several territories and provinces. In the case of Cree, "it's just sheer numbers" of speakers, said Neal McLeod, a Cree and an associate professor in the indigenous studies department at Trent University in Peterborough, Ontario.

McLeod, who grew up on the James Smith reserve in Saskatchewan and teaches literature and Cree language courses at Trent, said a second reason the languages have endured is because they are written in a distinct syllabic alphabet. English missionary James Evans devised the syllabic script in 1840 while studying Ojibway and Swampy Cree. A number of Aboriginal languages from the Algonquian, Inuit, and Athabaskan language families have since adopted the phonetic writing system.

A third explanation, although less quantifiable, is that those language groups have large numbers of speakers living in rural or northern areas, far away from the influence of mainstream urban centres. Compare that to where Mohawk and Cayuga are spoken at Six Nations, a community close to major cities like Brantford, Hamilton, and Toronto. And the Haudenosaunee, like the Wyandot, have had longer contact with EuropeanCanadians than most other Aboriginal groups.

Another development helping to keep Aboriginal languages alive is that over the past several decades there has been an increase in the number of post-secondary Aboriginal language programs. Today, most universities in Canada offer indigenous studies programs, and language

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UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG

instruction is often a component of those programs. For instance, at the First Nations University of Canada in Regina, classes are offered in Cree, Dakota, Dene, Nakota, and Saulteaux, and students can obtain a bachelor of arts in Cree, Saulteaux, and/or linguistics. At the University of British Columbia, students can learn Salish. Carleton University in Ottawa offers Inuktitut, while Cape Breton University in Nova Scotia includes Mi'kmaq in its curriculum.

McLeod acknowledges that the number of speakers with whom students of indigenous languages can converse is small. But there's still value in learning the languages. "If you have a small core of people that are dedicated to reviving the core of the stories of a people, you don't need tens of thousands of people. You need at best maybe three hundred people, if they're highly motivated."

Steckley offers a similar view: "I think every language should dedicate several people to being fluent. And everybody else [can] have a certain amount of the language. But every generation needs to have X number of fluent speakers. There are people in South Asia who know Sanskrit, and they have a religious role, and their knowledge of Sanskrit is passed down. We need that for Aboriginal languages."

It is late afternoon, and back at the Six Nations reserve, just south of Hamilton, the hallways of Kawenni:io are quiet now that classes are done. Teacher Connie Johnson sits at a desk in her classroom and prepares a lesson for the next day. She teaches the Grades 5 and 6 Mohawk classes. She was one of the original students to attend Kaweni:io after it opened, graduating in 1999.

On her whiteboard is written a short conversation in Mohawk about jobs. "*Oh naho:ten ni:se saio'te?*" — "What is your job?" Arithmetic charts are attached to one wall and include the Mohawk words for each number and mathematical function.

Johnson thinks the school has improved its teaching. "I think that these kids in here now know more than I did when I was their age. That's because second-language learners here know more of the grammar than I did."

She points at two pictures of men drilling holes in maple trees to attach a sap spout. "They're learning how to say 'I am drilling it,' 'he's drilling it,' 'we're drilling it.' The kids in my class can pick out prefixes and verbs," she said.

Thirty years down the road, it's possible that young people at Six Nations could be fluent in a Haudenosaunee language. Johnson said some steps would be needed for this to happen. "We need to start them even younger at two and a half years old, where they're immersed in the language all day long. We need more teacher training, and we need that support."

COURTESY OF RICHARD ZANE SMITH

Soon she will drive home to her family, and then she'll come back to Kawenni:io the next day to work. Each day she works here she travels a road, a road she is slowly building and extending, however tentatively, into the future.

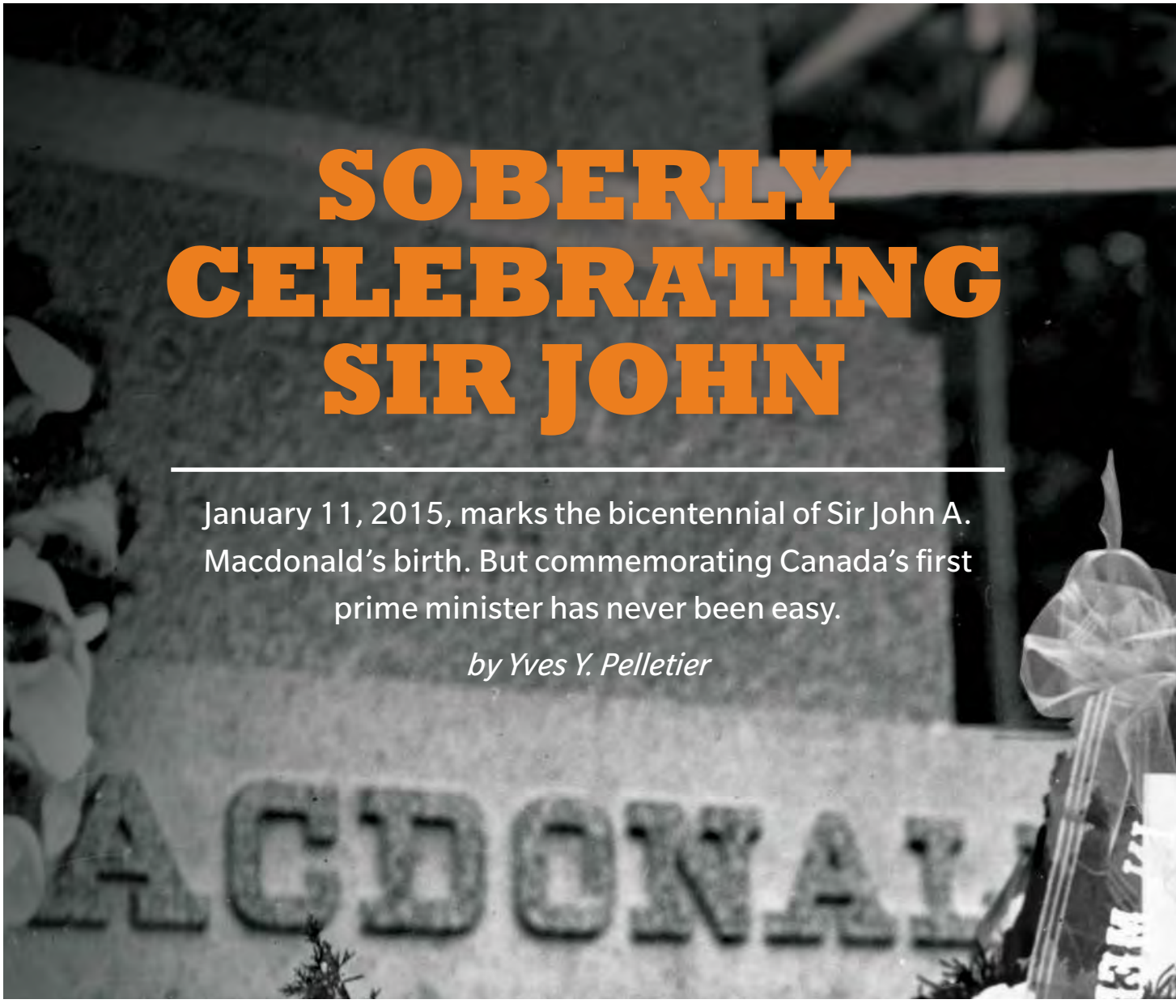
Will her road — the road of the Haudenosaunee — stretch further out where the language and culture are strong again? Or will the languages pass into history? Not if Johnson can help it.

Johnson closes her notebook, puts on her jacket, and leaves her classroom. She walks through the front lobby towards the stairwell that leads down to the parking lot.

"*Niaweh,*" I say to her. "*Niaweh,*" she answers.

Editor's Note: Kawenni:io school principal Isabel Jacobs passed away after this article was written. Canada's History offers its condolences to her family and community.

Clockwise from above left: Professor John Steckley of Humber College has written a Wyandot dictionary. First Nations students at the University of Winnipeg, where Cree and Ojibway are taught. Wyandot artist Richard Zane Smith with his grandsons.



SOBERLY CELEBRATING SIR JOHN

January 11, 2015, marks the bicentennial of Sir John A. Macdonald's birth. But commemorating Canada's first prime minister has never been easy.

by Yves Y. Pelletier

On April 29, 1941, during the dark days of the Second World War, Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King made an unusual reference in his diary: "There came to mind the vision I had a day or two ago of looking out of an open window at what seemed to be the grave of Sir John MacDonald [sic]. It brought to mind what I had intended to plan as to a memorial service at his grave on the fiftieth anniversary of Sir John's death."

This wasn't the first time King had written about a mystic vision in his diary. And it wasn't his first reference to Canada's founding prime minister. But the vision was remarkable in that it gave birth to what was then an unconventional idea — to hold a major commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Macdonald's death, on June 6, 1941. The idea was unusual for at least two reasons: It was being initiated by a Liberal prime minister (Macdonald was a Conservative), and there was no consensus about whether Macdonald deserved the recognition.

Born on January 11, 1815, Macdonald spent more than fifty years in Canadian politics and he was certainly an irrefutable historic figure. He masterminded the union of British North America and was the lead drafter of a Canadian constitution that sought conciliation between French and English Canadians. He was Canada's first prime minister, a role he occupied for nineteen years, and he steadfastly championed a national railway to unite the new country. But his star faded with some Canadians when they became aware of his penchant for drinking, his use of gerrymandering, and his knowledge of bribes. His insistence on

Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King places a wreath during an event in Kingston, Ontario, on June 7, 1941, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Sir John A. Macdonald's death.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

hanging Métis leader Louis Riel, "though every dog in Quebec bark in his favour," did not win him friends in French Canada, and his policies towards Aboriginal Canadians and Chinese migrant workers are today perceived as racist.

Macdonald often came under partisan attack while he was alive, and attacks on his legacy continued after his death in 1891. When Wilfrid Laurier's Liberals came to power in 1896, they allowed his memory to fade from the public's consciousness. Even King went out of his way to shift the focus away from Macdonald to a broader focus on other relatively unknown Fathers of Confederation during the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations of Confederation in 1927.

So why did King suddenly want Macdonald commemorated in 1941? The answer is that King needed a reason to bring the nation together. Canada was increasingly being called upon to assist its wartime allies — and the country was by no means united about the sacrifices that had to be made.

The spring of 1941 was a difficult time. Canada had declared war on Germany on September 10, 1939, and Parliament had passed the National Resources Mobilization Act in June 1940, giving government special emergency powers to mobilize all human and material resources for the defence of Canada. Canadian troops were being sent overseas, and recruitment intensified as more men were needed at the front. Pressure was building to introduce conscription — an issue that had pitched the country into a crisis during the First World War. King was intent on avoiding a repeat. Yet the promise to avoid conscription for overseas military service would be difficult to keep.

Two weeks after having his mystical vision of Macdonald, King announced to the House of Commons his government's intention to organize a "suitable ceremony" in Kingston, Ontario, where Macdonald was buried. With less than three weeks before the event, the planning had to be carried out expediently. King chaired the organizing committee and named most of its members, with the exception of a few local Conservative members from Kingston, who were added by acting Conservative Party leader Richard Hanson. They agreed to four speakers: Hanson and King as national party leaders; Sir Arthur Meighen as the only other living Canadian prime minister; and King's Quebec lieutenant, Ernest Lapointe. They also secured the live broadcasting of the event by Canada's radio stations, then still a rare technological feat. As a live radio event in the pre-television era, it would give King an opportunity to reach inside the homes and workplaces of Canadians.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Right: Sir John A. Macdonald in 1883.

Hoping to ensure a large crowd, King held the event on a Saturday — one day after the actual anniversary of Macdonald's death. While travelling on the train from Ottawa to Kingston that morning, King made some last-minute revisions to his speech. "I think I got it into nearly perfect shape at last," King wrote in his diary that day. "It came to express exactly what I wanted: first, of unity in historic races, and then of unity in the nations of the Commonwealth, and unity in fighting for the preservation of peace."

Clouds and the threat of rain greeted King's arrival in Kingston, but the prime minister was apparently not discouraged by the weather, for he wrote later that "the ceremonies there went off very well." Brigadier F. Logie Armstrong, the deputy adjutant general, escorted King to the city's downtown park, where a crowd of five thousand servicemen were lined up in full dress uniform to add pomp and pageantry to the event. Another eight thousand people came to witness the ceremony, which had been heavily promoted by the local newspaper in the days leading up to the event. An 1895 statue of Macdonald, which depicted him standing on top of a fifteen-foot granite stone wearing his Imperial Privy Councillor uniform, served as a centrepiece.

King placed a wreath at the base of the statue and then spoke for ten minutes.

"I leave to others to speak of Sir John Macdonald's career and attainment," he began, thus allowing more time to focus on his key theme. King then stated what he viewed as Macdonald's hope for unity: "A country of two races merged into one nationality, governed in the well-tried ways of the British constitution, a pride and glory to the new world, this was the daydream of his youth. Its unity was the hope and the prayer of his riper years. Sir John not only lived to see his dream realized and his prayer answered, but both, in memorable part, affected by his own exertions."

King defined the entirety of Macdonald's political career as one dedicated to national unity. By doing so, he purposefully ignored many chapters of Canadian history where Macdonald's policies and decisions — the hanging of Riel, for example — created national disunity. His selective memory allowed him to note that Macdonald had achieved the ultimate goal: from the "union of two historic races" emerged "one young and vigorous nation."

Below: The funeral of Sir John A. Macdonald at Cataraqui Cemetery, Kingston, Ontario, 1891.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

All of the speakers that day cast away any real or perceived criticism of Macdonald's legacy.

The other speakers followed closely King's portrayal of Macdonald. In his speech, Hanson, the Opposition Conservative Party leader, pleaded with Canadians "who inherited the early fruits of [Macdonald's] work [to] strive to make of this nation the best that is possible for all of our people. In diversity there can be true unity."

Lapointe, the leading political figure from Quebec and the only French-language speaker, spoke to French and English Canadians in their respective languages. "[A] dark cloud hangs over our civilization," he said. For Quebecers listening to the broadcast, Lapointe asserted that Macdonald had been responsible for safeguarding the French language in Canada. Speaking in French, he said, "Thank you, Sir John! We salute you as one of the first champions of national unity. French Canadians are delighted to join their fellow Canadians to pay tribute to your memory."

The remaining speaker, former Prime Minister Arthur Meighen, a Conservative, focused on elevating Macdonald's status beyond that of a Conservative Party icon and into a national symbol. He noted that Laurier had awarded Macdonald "the primacy among the founders and the builders of our nation."

In short, all of the speakers that day cast away any real or perceived criticism of Macdonald's political legacy or personal story to ensure that Canadians could rally around this new image of Sir John A. Macdonald as a unifying force.

"I thought all the speeches good," King wrote later in his diary. "Meighan's very good, but with blemishes; very poorly delivered. Lapointe the best of all. Hanson better than usual." After the speeches, King reviewed the troops and then mixed with the crowd. "I was agreeably surprised and pleased by the reception I got from the people on the streets after the review," he noted. The ceremony finished with the dignitaries going to the cemetery to place wreaths at Macdonald's grave.

The considerable coverage in Canada's newspapers the next day was overwhelmingly positive. The *Toronto Star* focused on Macdonald's role in conciliating English and French Canadians as the chief success of his political career. The *Globe and Mail* noted Macdonald's ability to "put national welfare ahead of party." Montreal's French-language paper, *La Presse*, ran the headline, *"L'unité nationale fut l'espoir et le voeu de sir John-A. Macdonald"* (National unity was Sir John A. Macdonald's hope and wish).

The newspapers also carried interesting editorial reflections. A *La Presse* editorial noted that Canadians should be inspired by the examples offered by French and English Canada's Fathers of Confederation. "The political formula they adopted remains the correct one," said *La Presse* in French. "By following that formula, we serve the best interests of the Dominion and the vital causes that we are committed to defend." The *Montreal Gazette*'s editorial referred to the "transcending power of Sir John Macdonald's example" and hoped that current leaders would copy his model.

A series of articles in the *Kingston Whig-Standard* suggested that the commemoration had already made an immediate impact on French-English relations in Canada. A day earlier, Thomas Ashmore Kidd, a grand knight of the Orange Order and a former Ontario MPP for Kingston, had told a gathering in Kingston, "Canada's war effort is not Imperialistic enough, … the official war effort goes only so far as a certain element in the Province of Quebec … and French-Canadians were probably disloyal, given their poor showing in the enlistment figures for the war."

The editors of the *Whig-Standard* were quick to rebuke Kidd's stance: "To talk about Quebec Province as if it were trying to hinder Canada's war work is manifestly unfair. We do not know what military quotas are given to the various provinces, but we do know that Quebec has maintained the quota of reinforcements allotted to it as well as any province in Canada."

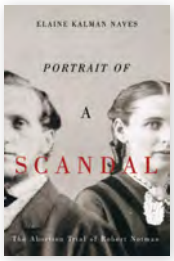
The spirit of the editorial rebuke emerging from Kingston, a community with a long association with the Protestant Orange Order, reflected the tone set at the national commemorative event. For the first time since his death in 1891, Macdonald was a universally acclaimed national figure, heralded by senior members of both the Liberal and Conservatives parties. The media accepted this without criticism or further analysis.

However, this positive attitude was not to last. In the months and years following the event, the political debate on overseas military service would again divide the country, as it did during the First World War. The memory of Macdonald as a unifying force was not enough to heal the ongoing deep divisions between Quebec and the rest of Canada.

After the war, subsequent prime ministers — even Macdonald's self-proclaimed greatest admirer, John Diefenbaker — have treaded carefully in commemorating Macdonald. The emergence of a voice for greater independence for Quebec during the 1960s made many federal politicians uncertain about commemorating the primary Father of Confederation. Pearson repeatedly dithered on commemorating Macdonald as part of Canada's centennial celebrations in 1967.

As Canada approaches the January 11, 2015, bicentennial of Macdonald's birth, some events are being planned to celebrate the occasion. The Kingston-based Sir John A. Macdonald Bicentennial Commission and Historica Canada received $500,000 and $360,000, respectively, in federal funding to promote Macdonald's memory. In addition, Canada Post will release a commemorative stamp, and the Royal Canadian Mint plans a coin.

However, to date the federal Conservative government has kept a low profile in promoting the occasion. In this, the government is sticking closely to the approach taken by its predecessors — in case Macdonald's legacy ends up doing more to divide Canadians than to unite them.



A FAMILY RECORD

Portrait of a Scandal:
The Abortion Trial of Robert Notman
by Elaine Kalman Naves
Véhicule Press, Montreal, 2013
214 pp., illus., $18 paperback

Despite its rather awkward title, which might lead a reader to think this new book about the well-documented Notman family is more melodrama than history, *Portrait of a Scandal* is a solid book thanks to the research and writing skills of its author, Elaine Kalman Naves.

Naves is an award-winning journalist who has published several popular nonfiction books that include *The Writers of Montreal* and *The Storied Streets: Montreal in the Literary Imagination*. While doing research for a documentary about internationally known nineteenth-century Canadian photographer William Notman for a CBC Radio *Ideas* program, she learned about his younger brother Robert, who had been involved in a murder trial. Robert Notman was accused of giving poisonous medicine and forcing a doctor to perform an abortion on Margaret Galbraith, a young woman with whom he had an affair.

The trial began on April 20, 1868, and was reported in all its sordid details by the *Montreal Gazette*. The newspaper was the primary source Naves used to bring alive the case of the "Queen versus Robert Notman" for present-day readers. She makes use of the case to show how abortion was a reality that was not shunned in Canadian Victorian society but was discussed openly and was as controversial then as it is now.

The Honourable Judge L.T. Drummond's sentence of ten years in the Kingston Penitentiary for Robert Notman was "breathtakingly harsh," according to Naves. How he came to serve only a year and a half is not entirely clear, but a lengthy prison term could have destroyed the reputation of his brother William, who was succeeding in his career as a photographer and had opened branches of his studios beyond Montreal into the United States and England.

Naves possesses good descriptive talent, and in few words she creates an odd yet evocative vision of the Montreal Court House on Notre Dame Street where the trial took place: "Beneath a gabled roof, six Ionic columns formed a colonnade supporting a central pediment that jutted out of the cut stone structure like a prominent nose in a heavy featured countenance."

One of the most interesting chapters recounts how William Notman immigrated to Canada from Scotland as a poor and untrained thirty-year-old and soon developed into a photographer who was sought after by such prominent figures as Sir John A. Macdonald.

Certainly, the many Notman photographs of several main players in this book's account add value to *Portrait of a Scandal*. We can gaze at the young "pleasant looking" Robert in his debonair pose leaning on his umbrella, and we can see the attractiveness of his mistress, Margaret Galbraith, who nearly died from the abortion and had to testify at the trial against Robert (though, in a bizarre twist, she would marry him and bear his children, only to be abandoned by him later). There are also photographs of William as a determined-looking young man newly arrived in Montreal and as a contented family man surrounded by his adult sons, who assisted him in his many studios.

In *Portrait of a Scandal*, Naves documents how the Notmans, all of whom worked in the family business, were loyal to each other and how William rallied around the nefarious Robert during his trial. In his better days, Robert also made a contribution to the now extensive photographic record of "the new Dominion's cities and countryside, its citizens at work and play," which is held at Montreal's McCord Museum.

Reviewed by **Anne Cimon**, a freelance journalist from Montreal.

EARNING ITS WINGS

Air Canada: The History
by Peter Pigott
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2014
328 pp., illus., $35 paperback

As a frequent flyer with Air Canada, I can't tell you how many times I have cracked the joke that Air Canada's motto must be "We're not happy until you're unhappy." Everyone has an Air Canada story to tell, but no one can best Peter Pigott's tale about our national airline.

From the very first pages, his passion for the industry and his depth of knowledge about Air Canada's place in it are very much in evidence. And don't assume that this book is overly laden with technical details about aircraft design and engine speeds. Pigott strikes the right balance with information for keen aviation history buffs and an easy-to-read narrative that helps the rest of us discover more about the people and events that have shaped Air Canada over some seventy-five years.

Beginning with its earliest incorporation as part of the Canadian National Railway, the airline, Pigott argues, has been shaped as much by its charismatic leaders as by the succession of governments that have always approached the airline more as an instrument of national policy than as a commercial enterprise.

From the first president of Trans-Canada Airlines, James S. Hungerford, to current Air Canada CEO Calin Rovinescu, Pigott carefully lays out the challenges that have confronted each generation of leaders. Those challenges include the decoupling of the airline from the railway industry; the tyranny of the post office; the rise of regional competition and the battle for control of rival Canadian Pacific; the consolidation of maintenance facilities in Quebec; and the profound global impact of 9/11. He brings

individual personalities to life (and sometimes the clash of personalities) leaving readers with a human explanation for the choices Air Canada's leaders championed and of their triumphs.

It truly is a wonder that Air Canada, and Canadian taxpayers, have survived it all, when so many other airlines would either have given up or not bothered trying.

While Pigott delivers on a serious and jam-packed chronicling of the major moments in the airline's history, the book is peppered with additional stories, anecdotes, and sidebars about all sorts of other firsts as well as delightful factoids about cabin design, airplane food, flight attendant uniforms, and even inflight entertainment. There is also a poignant story about how Dreams Take Flight — an employee-driven mission to take disadvantaged children to Disney World — got off the ground.

The book benefits from plenty of archival photographs, which have largely been drawn from the collections of the Canadian Aviation Museum. It leaves a reader feeling as though she is paging through something more like a family album than a business history text. And that is probably the right tone to strike. Love it or hate it, there is no doubt that most Canadians view Air Canada as a part of their national identity.

Pigott sets out to tell our story of Air Canada and to prove that it really is more than an airline. His book is accessible and enjoyable, and every reader is sure to come away feeling an even greater attachment to the airline — and maybe even a healthier appreciation and respect for it.

Reviewed by **Deborah Morrison**, the executive director of SEVEC and the former president and CEO of Canada's History Society.

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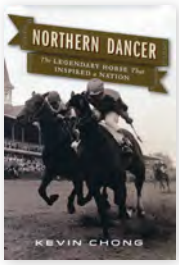


PRODIGIOUS STEED

Northern Dancer:
The Legendary Horse That Inspired a Nation
by Kevin Chong
Viking, Toronto, 2014
328 pp., illus., $30 hardcover

Half a century ago, a pint-sized horse, Northern Dancer, captured the heart of this country and became a symbol of national pride. Kevin Chong transports us back to that time in his thoroughly researched *Northern Dancer: The Legendary Horse that Inspired a Nation*.

Chong vividly details the exploits of this undersized horse both on the track and in the stud barn. He also describes the humans who orbited around Northern Dancer, most notably E.P. Taylor, the wealthy owner and the genius behind the breeding program; the trainer, Horatio Luro, a dapper Argentinian playboy; and Bill Hartack, the tiny jockey with a sour disposition.

Chong is at his best in bringing alive the world of the racetrack. It all happened in an era that some of us remember with nostalgia: the first Ford Mustang appeared, the brunette Barbie debuted, and modern new subdivisions were built in many Canadian cities.

As Chong chronicles, Northern Dancer was born in 1961 at Taylor's National Stud Farm near Oshawa, Ontario. He was not in the classic racing horse mould — at the 1962 yearling sale he was the smallest of the forty-eight horses on offer and went unclaimed. "Who wants a midget?" commented one purchaser.

But Northern Dancer's personality hinted at what was to come. He was "notoriously surly and full of himself … the opposite of an 'easy keeper,'" writes Chong. From his early days he considered himself the stallion of the herd, the boss; and he carried this attitude into his races.

In 1964, Northern Dancer established himself as Canada's greatest racehorse by winning the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, the first two legs of America's triple crown. He also won the Queen's Plate, Canada's top race. At Belmont, the final leg of the U.S. triple crown, he came third — to a nation's grief.

Chong immerses readers in the strategy, planning, and, often, conflict that was part of each race. He excels at describing the jockey working his horse, the roar of the crowd, and the intense atmosphere of a big race. In his two years of racing, Northern Dancer won fourteen of his eighteen races and never finished worse than third. In 1964, he was named Canada's outstanding sports star.

We all love to cheer for the underdog, and Northern Dancer's exploits are comparable to those of Wayne Gretzky, who became a hockey prodigy, even though he seemed undersized, even skinny, beside the behemoths surrounding him.

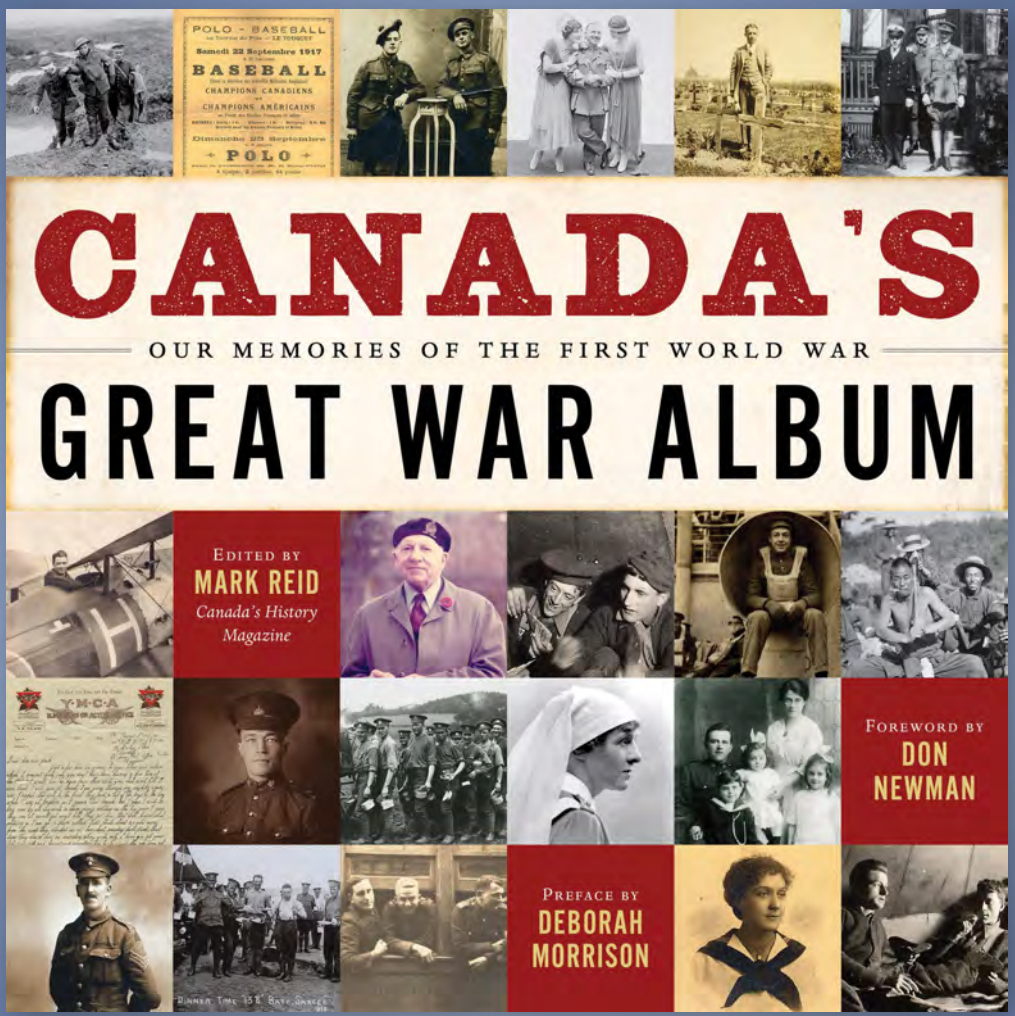
Although a few horses, such as Secretariat and Man o' War, may have surpassed Northern Dancer's racing record, there is one area in which he is unequalled: his astonishing stud performance. In spite of his diminutive size — mares had to stand in a trench so Northern Dancer could mount them — he produced 635 foals, of which 467 were winners. In the 2011 Kentucky Derby, eighteen of the nineteen horses were his descendants. Today, about three quarters of the thoroughbreds around the globe carry the Northern Dancer bloodline. What a horse!

Kevin Chong was born in Hong Kong but now lives in Vancouver and teaches writing at the University of British Columbia. He owned a stake in a racehorse that plays a role in *My Year of the Racehorse*, the memoir that was his fourth book. (*Northern Dancer* is his fifth.)

Although this is a captivating and well-researched book, in places the writing is sloppy and difficult to follow. For example, a staged robbery is referred to as an "apartment" robbery (it should say "apparent"), and another unfortunate passage reads: "After the deportation of the Acadians in 1760, their descendants, interbred with New England stallions, were left…."

The book closes with Chong making a pilgrimage to the great horse's gravesite.

100 YEARS LATER
THE WAR THAT CHANGED CANADA FOREVER
WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN



A compelling and moving account of the First World War
told through the personal stories and photographs of Canadian families,
including contributions from Peter Mansbridge, Charlotte Gray,
J. L. Granatstein, Christopher Moore, Jonathan Vance, and Tim Cook.

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Northern Dancer died on November 16, 1990, at age twenty-nine, a Canadian legend.

Reviewed by **Hans Tammemagi**, a writer and photographer who focuses on environment, travel, history, and Native culture.

More Books

African Canadians in Union Blue: Volunteering for the Cause in the Civil War
by Richard M. Reid
University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 2014
308 pp., illus., $32.95 paperback

To Anderson Abbott, the American Civil War was "a war for humanity," a battle "between civilization and barbarism." It was also a struggle that the first Canadian-born black doctor in present-day Ontario felt compelled to join as a surgeon in the Union army.

Abbott was one of almost 2,500 black men from the Maritime colonies and the Province of Canada who volunteered to serve in Northern regiments and aboard Federal warships during the war. In *African Canadians in Union Blue*, retired University of Guelph history professor Richard Reid documents the little-known story of their role in helping to defeat the South and end slavery.

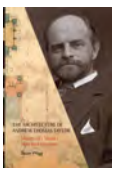
His account, based on a meticulous review of Union military records, explores why so many blacks so far removed from the fighting — recruitment rates in parts of British North America matched or outstripped those of some Northern states — were willing to risk their lives in another country's bloody civil war.

Many, of course, were freed or escaped slaves who had sought refuge in Canada (Abbott's parents were free blacks from Alabama). But Reid finds evidence that recruitment bounties and steady pay were as enticing to some as the prospect of striking a blow against the Rebel cause.

Many blacks living north of the border resisted joining the fight until late in the war, when black soldiers received better treatment and higher pay than the first wave of recruits who signed up after the Emancipation Proclamation was issued in 1863. But they still faced barriers and prejudice — Abbott was refused the officer's commission granted to white surgeons — as they fought what a group of Ohio volunteers was told was "a white man's war."

Reid concludes that "a spectrum of factors," from opposition to slavery to "youthful romanticism" and financial hardship, prompted Canadian blacks to volunteer. *African Canadians in Union Blue* shows that these soldiers and sailors from the British colonies punched above their weight in the struggle between North and South.

— Dean Jobb



The Architecture of Andrew Thomas Taylor: Montreal's Square Mile and Beyond
by Susan Wagg
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2013
270 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

Susan Wagg's *The Architecture of Andrew Thomas Taylor* provides a complete history of the man's career as an architect.

Taylor was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. His maternal grandfather was a builder-contractor and "likely inspired Andrew to choose architecture," according to Wagg. The book concentrates on Taylor's early practice in Scotland and England from 1864 to 1883 and his twenty years in Canada until 1904. The last chapter is devoted to his return to England, where he lived until his death in 1937.

Taylor started his apprenticeship in Edinburgh, learning what was then considered contemporary "modern Gothic," or High Victorian Gothic. During his working career in the United Kingdom he studied Victorian classism, castle and church architecture, English Gothic Revival, and other popular styles of the time.

He opened his own office in London, England, in 1879 and then took on a partner, with the firm becoming Taylor & Gordon. This allowed him to travel to Canada in 1883 to open an office in Montreal. It proved to be a lucrative move. In 1884 he received a large commission from the Bank of Montreal to renovate its head office at Place d'Armes.

Taylor's career was aided by the fact that he was related to the affluent Redpath family, giving him many contacts. His clients were a who's who of early Canadian wealth, with work on homes commissioned by the Redpath, Bovey, Scott, Strathy, and Drummond families, among others.

From 1898 to 1902, Taylor also dedicated much of his time to designing country homes and apartment buildings. His designs were spacious and eclectic in style, borrowing from his English training with influences from trips to the United States.

His corporate work continued to flourish across Canada and included the building of branch banks for the Bank of Montreal and some rival banks. The Redpath family's involvement with McGill College also helped Taylor to receive numerous commissions there. And Taylor devoted time to the founding of both Quebec's Association of Architects and McGill's architecture department.

Wagg's book is illustrated with numerous photos and architectural drawings and includes an appendix of Taylor's work. The author has compiled a thorough chronological history of Taylor's life and work and shows how one man left an imprint on this country.

— Beverley Tallon

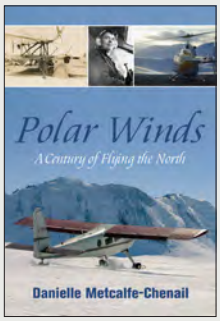
The Life and Art of Harry and Jessie Webb
by Adrienne Brown
Mother Tongue Publishing, Salt Spring Island, B.C., 2014
140 pp., illus., $34.95 paperback

Adrienne Brown's new book will make an excellent addition to the libraries of readers with an interest in Canadian art and artists. Brown, the daughter of Harry and Jessie Webb, reflects on the lives of her parents, the work they produced, and the contexts from which they drew their inspiration.

The couple met at the Vancouver School of Art in the late 1940s and were part of the dynamic beat generation of the fifties. They involved themselves in the literary arts magazine *pm*, were founding members of the Cellar Jazz Club, and worked on their craft, experimenting with various media but ultimately focusing on progressive linocuts. After a few years of living a bohemian lifestyle, Harry began a career as a landscape architect, which allowed him to exercise his creativity and influenced his work as an artist. Both of the Webbs continued to produce art and, after seven years of marriage, decided to have a child.

The book includes excerpts from

PLANES, TRAINS, AND HEARTBREAK



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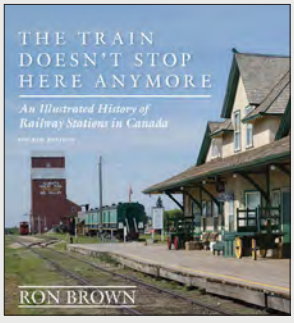

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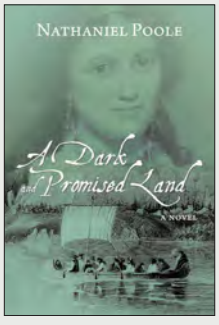

A DARK AND PROMISED LAND
by Nathaniel Poole
9781459722002 | 280 pages | $24.99 pb

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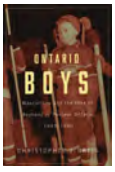
letters, diaries, and articles; family photographs; and examples of Harry's and Jessie's art (printed in full colour) and poetry. Their story is enriched by Brown's personal recollections of her parents and her experience of her mother's battle with depression, her parents' gradual estrangement, their eventual divorce, and their passing.

Sensitively told and visually pleasing, this touching biography of a talented but little-known artist couple contributes to the larger history of art in British Columbia.

— **Kathryn Boschmann**



Ontario Boys: Masculinity and the Idea of Boyhood in Postwar Ontario, 1945–1960
by Christopher J. Greig
Wilfrid Laurier University Press, Waterloo, Ontario, 2014
212 pp., $39.99 paperback

What does it mean to be a boy? For anyone who lived in the wake of the Second World War, an "ideal" boy was selfless, honest, fearless, determined, and emotionally tough, according to University of Windsor professor Christopher J. Greig.

In *Ontario Boys*, Greig explores the making of an "ideal" boy between 1945 and 1960 by examining periodicals, newspapers, books, advertisements, and commentaries published in the province during those years.

At the time, Canada was dealing with uncertainty, insecurity, and gender anxiety from economic instability and war. Greig, who teaches in the faculty of education, says this ideal boy was born out of a need for normalcy in social turbulence. For example, he points to an article about "successful" families in a 1960 issue of *Chatelaine* that tried to reinforce traditional gender roles. "The researchers suggest that where there is a reversal or confusion of tasks, with the mother taking over some of the father's work and the father doing an immoderate proportion of traditionally feminine tasks, such as housework, there will be a poorly functioning family," the article said.

Although the postwar years have passed, Greig says we're still dealing with similar anxieties. Postwar beliefs about masculinity shaped the beliefs, attitudes, and opinions about boyhood of the children who grew up during that era; today, those people are Canada's leaders.

Greig concludes by challenging readers to rethink their ideas about gender roles and to think about the relationship between boys, men, girls, and women.

— **Danelle Cloutier**

50 Canadians Who Changed the World
by Ken McGoogan
HarperCollins, Toronto, 2013
339 pp., $29.99 hardcover

Canadian Folk: Portraits of Remarkable Lives
by Peter Unwin
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2013
226 pp., $21.99 paperback

Ken McGoogan's latest book, *50 Canadians Who Changed the World*, highlights an interesting assortment of people born in Canada during the twentieth century.

McGoogan divides the book into six parts: activists; visionaries; artists, painters, writers, and filmmakers; humanitarians; performers, actors, musicians, and athletes; and scientists and inventors. Some of the names will ring familiar, such as Pierre Trudeau, David Suzuki, Farley Mowat, Oscar Peterson, Leonard Cohen, Wayne Gretzky, and Terry Fox, while others are less well-known. Each individual (or grouping of individuals — some of the fifty chapters involve more than one main personality) receives a brief biographical overview that explains their particular achievement. McGoogan also provides interesting tidbits about their lives.

One well-known personality, included under "activists," is Tommy Douglas, a Scottish-born Canadian from a poor, working-class family. His championing of universal health care was spurred on by his experience as a child, when a chance visit from a skilled orthopaedic surgeon saved his injured leg. "I felt that no boy should have to depend either for his leg or his life upon the ability of his parents to raise enough money to bring a first-class surgeon to his bedside," Douglas said.

It could be debated as to whether all of these fifty Canadians have indeed "changed the world," but they have certainly educated, entertained, inspired, and enriched the lives of many. For readers, other notable Canadians not included by McGoogan might come to mind. As the author noted, "I find myself

yearning to add to their number."

Canadian Folk: Portraits of Remarkable Lives, by Peter Unwin, is a slimmer version of *50 Canadians* that looks further back in history. The personalities and incidents mentioned by Unwin were chosen for their "firsts" or for the opportunity to relate other weird and wonderful facts. The publisher calls it "a fresh look at the saints, sinners, oddballs, and outright nutbars who have populated the Canadian landscape."

Unwin unabashedly points out the flaws as well as the admirable qualities of people like Paul Kane and Grey Owl (Archibald Belaney). He writes of the racism experienced by people such as athlete Tom Longboat. And readers will learn of how the Canadian government granted timber baron J.R. Booth an amazing eleven thousand square kilometres of Ontario's pine forest, which he subsequently flattened. We even find out about the death of the famed pachyderm Jumbo in St. Thomas, Ontario.

Unwin's book contains a few factual errors. That aside, it provides much interesting historical data, along with ample entertainment value to make for an enjoyable read. — **Beverley Tallon**

Bethune in Spain
by Roderick Stewart and Jesús Majada
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2014
179 pp., illus., $29.95 hardcover

After getting divorced, being diagnosed with tuberculosis, and failing to introduce medicare to Canada, Norman Bethune left this country. In 1935, the Spanish Civil War began, and Bethune, who supported the Republican government during the war, was determined to offer his medical services. He went on to become recognized internationally as a surgeon and for creating and operating a mobile blood transfusion unit.

Bethune in Spain tells the story of the Ontario-born doctor's medical achievements in Spain and the events leading up to them. Authors Roderick Stewart and Jesús Majada provide details about the creation and operation of the mobile blood transfusion units. Stewart, a writer in Ontario, and Majada, a retired teacher in Spain, also touch upon Bethune's rescue of Loyalist civilians and his efforts to help children orphaned by war.

Though there are several books about Bethune, this one is notable because of its striking photos — some archival and others that have never before been reproduced. One powerful photo from Roderick Stewart's personal collection shows people laying on the ground, possibly dead, as five fascist airplanes bomb the Malaga-to-Almeria road.

The narrative contains letters, reports, poetry, and speeches written by Bethune, which offer a first-hand account of his life during the Spanish Civil War.

— **Danelle Cloutier**

Welcome to Resisterville: American Dissidents in British Columbia
by Kathleen Rodgers
University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 2014
250 pp., $29.95 paperback

During the Vietnam War years, thousands of Americans fled north to seek refuge in the West Kootenay region of British Columbia. While some of these migrants were draft dodgers avoiding conscription into the United States army, most were part of an emerging counterculture in search of a more egalitarian, humble, and peaceful society.

In her book *Welcome to Resisterville: American Dissidents in British Columbia*, Kathleen Rodgers looks at these migrants, their motivations, and their impact. The pages are dotted with excerpts from over fifty oral history interviews, highlighting the personal experiences of both the migrants and the locals in British Columbia.

Amid a growing wave of Canadian nationalism and anti-Americanism in the 1960s, many migrants were met with distrust and animosity. Others, however, found common ground with like-minded groups such as the Quakers and Doukhobors who had also settled in the area. And, in both their private and public lives, all negotiated ways to carve out the society they felt compelled to create.

Slowly but surely, Americans in British Columbia created new institutions, like community centres, schools, and publications, to support and strengthen the counterculture movement. They became active proponents of local food initiatives, co-operatives, and environmental sustain-

ability, and eventually many of their ideals made their way into mainstream society.

Welcome to Resisterville is more a sociological than a historical study of the American migrants and their impact on the West Kootenays. Nonetheless, Rodgers provides insight into this corner of Canada and the legacy of the men and women who were committed to creating change.

— **Joanna Dawson**

The Devil's Breath: The Story of the Hillcrest Mine Disaster of 1914
by Steve Hanon
NeWest Press, Edmonton, 2013
343 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

If average Canadians were asked to name Canada's worst mining disasters, many would answer with the terrible tragedies that happened in Nova Scotia — the Springhill disasters of 1956 and 1958, which killed thirty-nine and seventy-four men, respectively, or the more recent Westray mine accident that killed twenty-six miners on May 9, 1992.

However, as tragic as they were, these three calamities added together were still smaller in terms of loss of life than southwestern Alberta's Hillcrest mine disaster. In all, 189 miners died after an explosion rocked the Hillcrest coal mine on June 19, 1914. It remains Canada's largest mine disaster to date. Yet it never stuck in public memory, in large part because it was soon overshadowed by an even greater calamity — the First World War.

Little was written about the disaster until Steve Hanon's *The Devil's Breath*, which looks not only at the backdrop of early twentieth-century coal mining but also at the personalities involved. Most of the miners were recent immigrants, and explosions were not uncommon — an accident at the nearby Bellevue mine killed thirty-one men in 1910. Hanon provides a thorough account that is informative while including gripping tales of human courage. — **Nelle Oosterom**

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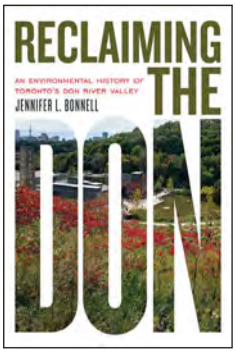

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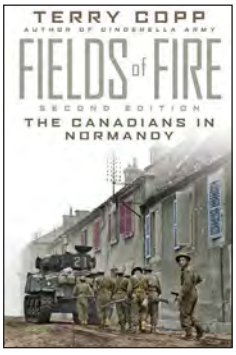

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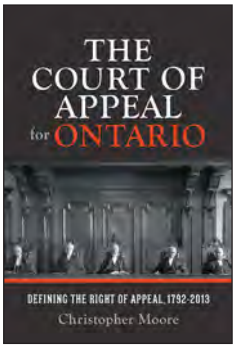

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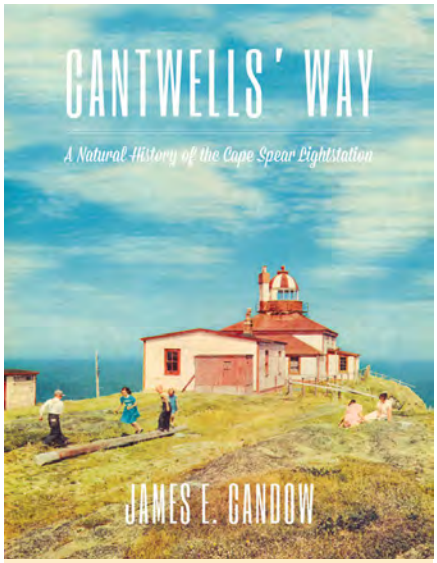

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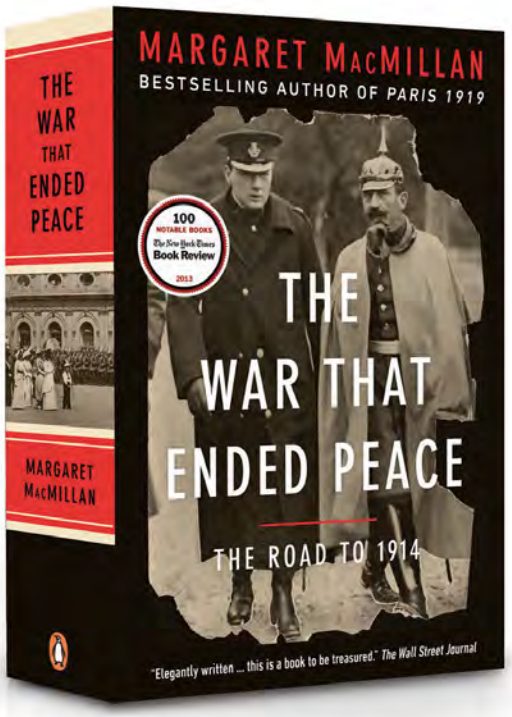

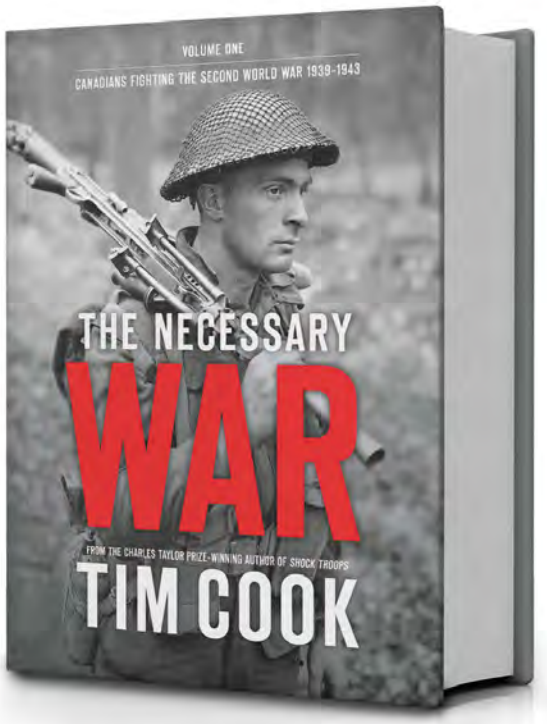

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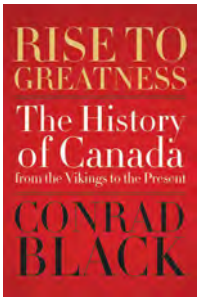

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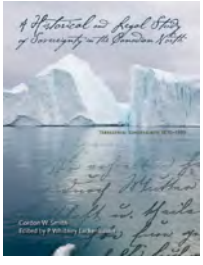

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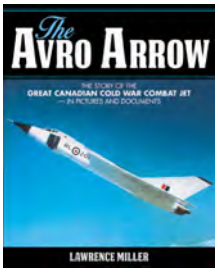

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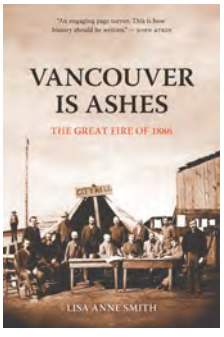

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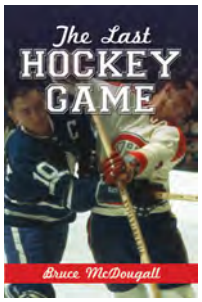

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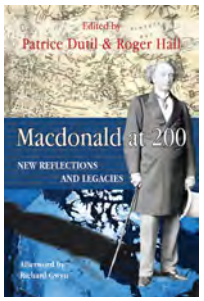

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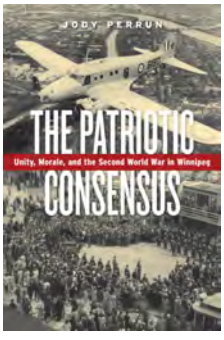

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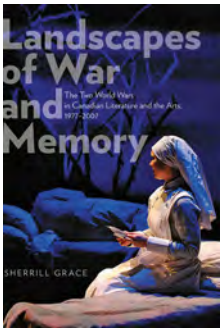

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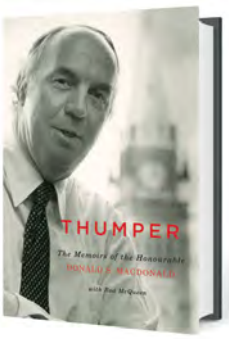

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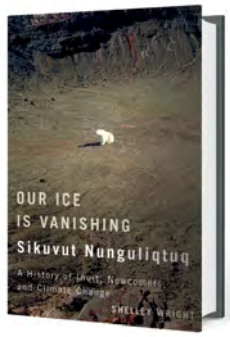

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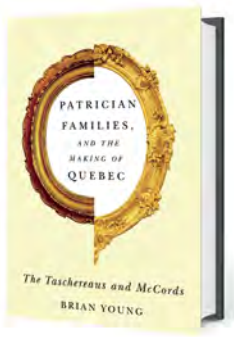

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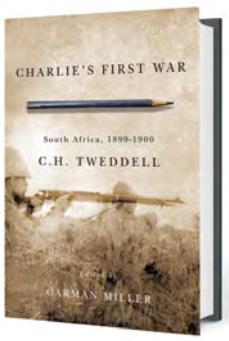

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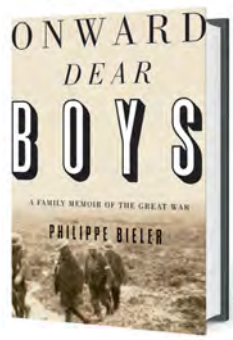

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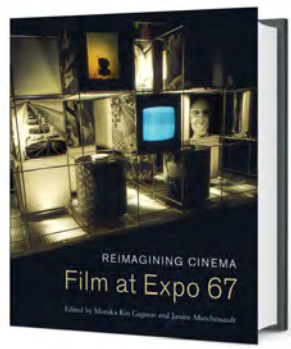

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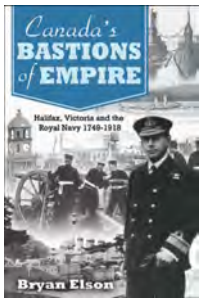

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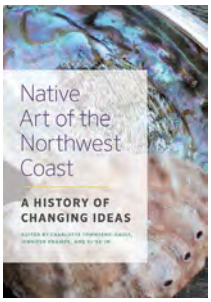

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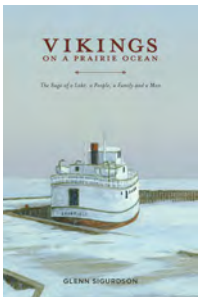

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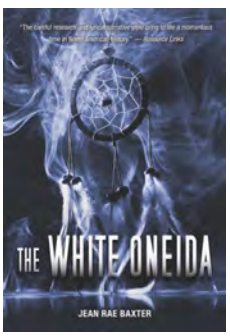

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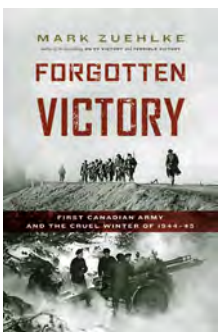

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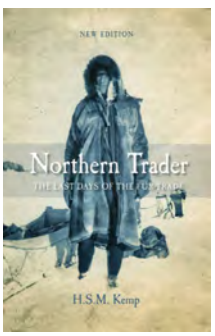

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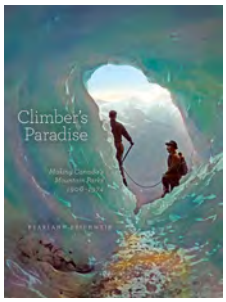

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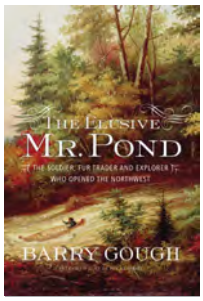

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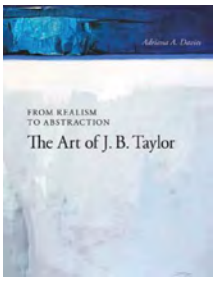

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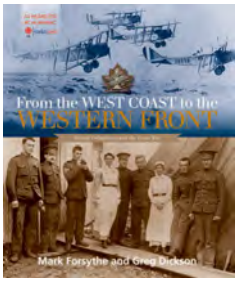

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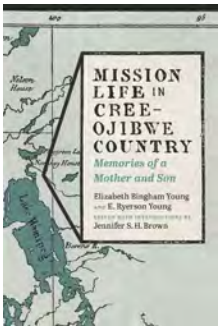

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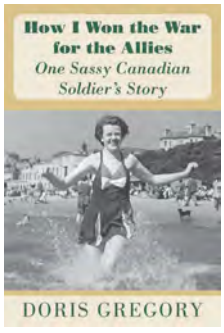

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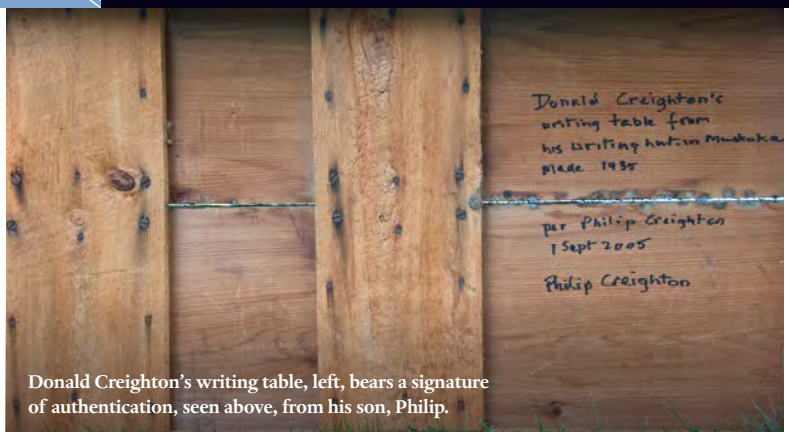


COURTESY DONALD WRIGHT

Donald Creighton's writing table, left, bears a signature of authentication, seen above, from his son, Philip.

Tables turned

Revered historian Donald Creighton once said his own story was unremarkable. His biographer hopes to prove Creighton wrong.

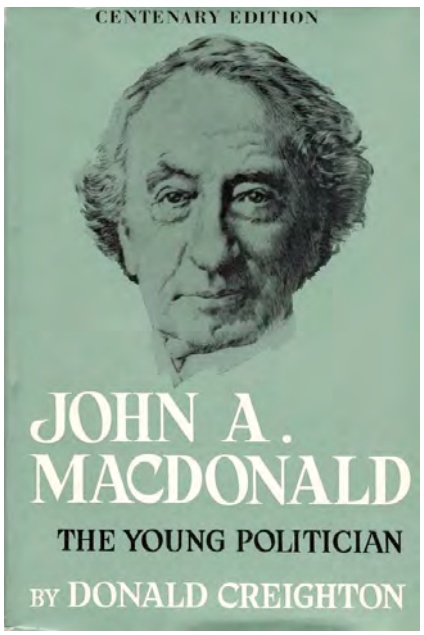
In an office at the history department of the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton there is a table that sometimes gets a little more attention than most of the other furniture. Guest lecturers use it as a speaking podium. Visitors sometimes just want to see it or sit at it.

The table, fashioned from plain construction lumber, has no particular merit as furniture. But it once belonged to Donald Creighton, who worked at it for more than forty years to write his renowned histories: *The Empire of The St. Lawrence*, *The Road to Confederation*, and his two-volume biography of John A. Macdonald. In a country where few historians are read or remembered beyond the close of their careers, the Creighton table is a tangible link to the scholar most Canadian historians would still acknowledge as the most imposing, the most influential, and the best-remembered professional historian this country has seen.

Creighton died in 1979, and today the table's custodian is UNB history professor Donald Wright, who has been working on a biography of Creighton. Several years ago Wright visited the family cottage on Ontario's Lake Muskoka where Creighton often worked. The Creighton family bought a cottage lot in 1917, paying about $1,000 for waterfront property.

"There was no road and no electricity then," Wright told me recently. "In those days they usually came by boat, and boats delivered the canned goods they ordered from Eaton's." In the 1930s, Creighton's wife, Luella, "had a writing hut built for him, right down on the shore, with a wondrous view over the lake," Wright said.

"And from the scrap lumber, she had the builders knock together a table. Creighton wrote parts of all his books on that table. He created the Laurentian thesis while looking at the Laurentian Shield, while sitting on the Laurentian Shield, in fact."



Donald Creighton's two-volume biography of Sir John A. Macdonald (published in 1952 and 1955) is still considered a masterpiece of history writing.

The Laurentian thesis, the central insight that Creighton pursued all his life, proposed that Canada was no artificial construct. It was, argued Creighton, an economic and political system running east to west, first along the St. Lawrence River drainage system, later extended west by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and eventually extending from British Columbia to Montreal and east across the Atlantic to Canada's markets in Britain.

There was some urgency to Wright's visit to Creighton's Laurentian workplace. The Creighton family was selling the cottage, and the new buyers, having paid considerably more than $1,000, were about to demolish everything to build a Muskoka mansion. They had no interest in its former occupant. "I said, can't we take the writing hut and reconstruct it at the archives in Ottawa — the way Tom Thomson's hut was saved at the McMichael Gallery?" Wright recalled. "But we laughed — no one would have cared."

Only after returning home did Wright realize he should have asked for the table! The Creightons proved agreeable, but Wright soon discovered that no granting agency was likely to support the moving costs, so he paid for the two men and a truck who saved the table from the wreckers. Then Wright's own mother in London, Ontario, rented a van and delivered it to him in Fredericton.

The Creighton table is small, but Wright thinks that suited Creighton's habits.

"He hated clutter. He used unlined paper, and he wrote with a fountain pen. He did not discuss secondary sources in his narrative, only in the endnotes, so he did not need to have piles of books at hand. All he needed was the notes he kept on index

cards, all organized and cross-referenced."

Wright, who has examined Creighton's papers, describes the manuscripts as "seamless — just a word or two changed every few pages, and only occasionally a paragraph crossed out and a new start made. Once he found his zone, he just wrote." Even in the midst of a Muskoka cottage summer, he was a disciplined writer. Creighton's daughter, the writer Cynthia Flood, told Wright that as kids they knew without being told that their father was not to be disturbed when the door of his writing hut was closed.

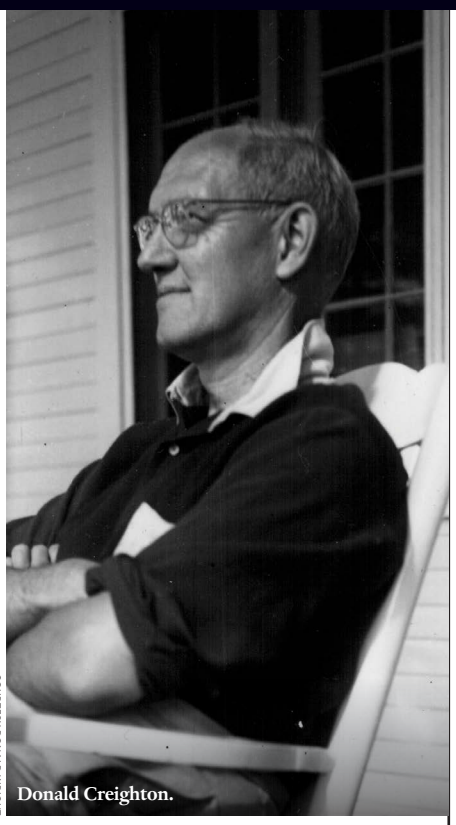
As the year of the John A. Macdonald bicentenary approaches, Creighton's heroic, visionary Macdonald remains Canada's image of the first prime minister. But Wright knows that much of Creighton's version of Canadian history has been superseded. Still, in his biography of Creighton — some of it written on the Creighton table — Wright is determined to give the historian his due. "He said there would never be a biography of him, and if there was it would be some tedious doctoral dissertation. I have tried to give him the book he is due, not a monograph."

The great historian still has readers. His son Philip Creighton told Wright that when the movers came for the table they wondered why it was worth such trouble. Philip Creighton explained that his father had once been famous, had been Donald Creighton. "Creighton?" cried the mover. "Get out! I have all his books!"

It was the mover who insisted that "provenance" had to be established for this precious artifact. There by the shore of Lake Muskoka, they flipped the table over. Philip Creighton signed and dated a declaration that this was indeed the writing desk of Donald Creighton.

And then the table set off along the great river to its new home.

Donald Wright's Donald Creighton: A Life in History *will be published in 2015. Christopher Moore comments in every issue of* Canada's History.



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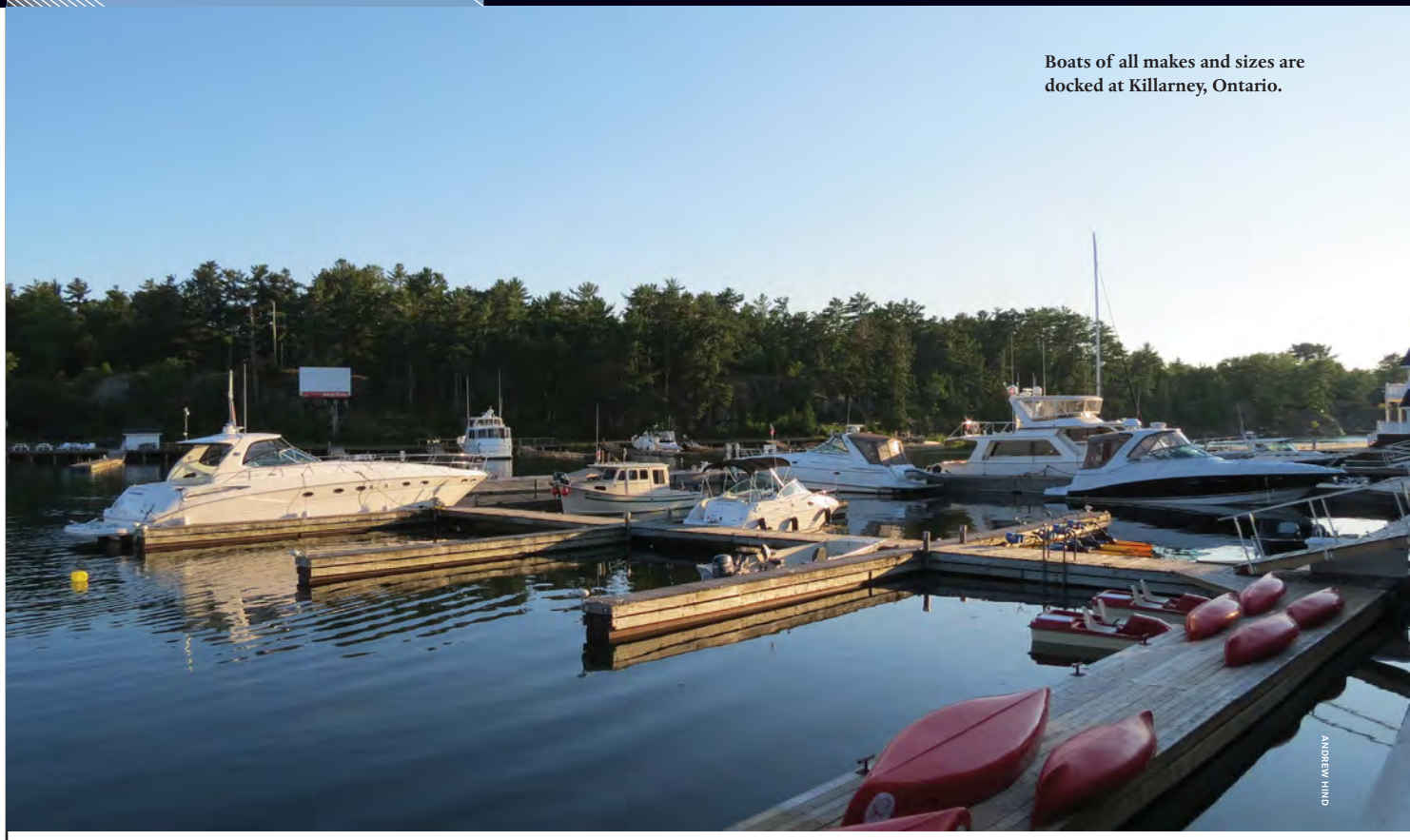

Boats of all makes and sizes are docked at Killarney, Ontario.

ANDREW HIND

Fleet memories

Lake Huron village has a rich fishing heritage. by Andrew Hind

The village of Killarney, Ontario, on Lake Huron's north shore has had many incarnations in its two hundred years of history. Originally called Shebahonaning (Ojibwa for safe canoe channel), it began as a sheltering spot for voyageurs and then became a thriving fur post after fur trader Etienne Augustin de la Morandière arrived in 1820.

More recently, Killarney has blossomed as a tourist haven, thanks to the allure of its ruggedly beautiful shores and its proximity to Killarney Provincial Park. But it was during the heyday of Georgian Bay's commercial fishery that Killarney enjoyed its era of greatest prosperity and growth.

From the 1870s until the collapse of the industry in the 1950s, the now-tiny village was one of the most productive of Georgian Bay's many fishing ports.

Remnants of that period of prosperity remain evident even half a century later, offering a window into the past and onto a vanishing lifestyle.

Starting from around the middle of the nineteenth century, Killarney would swell every spring as fishing families left their winter homes in communities on southern Georgian Bay to spend the summer harvesting Lake Huron's bounty. Some eventually settled year-round, supplementing their income with farming and trapping.

Gill nets were the traditional gear of the Killarney fishery. Suspended between cork or wooden floats at the surface and stone or lead sinkers at the bottom, these fine-filament nets would entangle fish by their gills when they tried to swim through the mesh.

At first, fishermen hauled their nets using open rowboats, but oars gave way to sail and later to steam as vessels grew in size.

Pound nets came into use in the early 1900s. They were efficient but setting them required a large tug, a barge, and a steam-powered piledriver. The fishermen drove vertical stakes — between thirteen and twenty metres long — into Georgian Bay with a piledriver and then strung nets to create funnel-like enclosures that stretched more than a kilometre into the bay.

"Fish went into this funnel but couldn't find their way out," said Ted East, owner of Killarney Outfitters. "Fishermen would lift the floor of the net up, scooping up forty thousand to one hundred thousand pounds of fish at a time."

There's a great model of a pound net, as well as photos and other relics related to the fishing industry, in the Killarney Museum (admission by donation). Make sure to pop in for a visit.

Beside the museum is the former jail, looking decidedly insecure and more like a shed. Crime was uncommon in Killarney, but occasionally someone would be locked up for illegal fishing or engaging in a brawl with visitors from rival Manitoulin Island.

Fishing nets were made of cotton, and cotton is prone to rot. As a result, part of a fisherman's routine included regular visits to the local tar vats.

These large basins were jacked up on rocks, filled with tar, and heated from below with a wood fire until their contents liquefied. Fishing nets were soaked in the protective ooze and then spread across the rocks to dry. Even today, half a century after the last fires were lit there, the telltale whiff of tar gives away the location of the three Killarney tar vat operations.

One is located on George Island, along a pleasant five-kilometre loop trail that winds through varied terrain (for a few dollars, the staff at Killarney Mountain Lodge will shuttle you across to the island). Peering into the water beside the vat reveals the skeleton of an old fishing tug, slowly rotting with the passage of years.

A second tar vat operation was near the mouth of the Chikanishing River in Dave's Bay, which is best accessed by water.

"There's a hockey arena-sized rock, flat and smooth, that has the magnificent imprint of tar nets on it," East said. "It looks like a giant alien checkerboard."

We opted to visit the vats found in the aptly named Tarvat Bay.

A poorly maintained and inadequately marked trail leads to the bay, but we chose instead to hug the lakeshore for the 1.5-kilometre hike. Starting from the pretty 1867 Killarney East Lighthouse — one of two lighthouses marking the entrance of Killarney Sound — we wound our way along the pink rock shoreline that is distinctive of this stretch of Georgian Bay coast and were rewarded for our efforts with phenomenal views of the lake.

Tarvat Bay is also easily accessed by water (consider staying at Killarney Mountain Lodge — guests there have free use of canoes and kayaks for half a day).

The fishery largely ended in Killarney, as it did all across Georgian Bay, by the end of the 1950s.

The growing efficiency of fishing gear and the increasing number of people engaged in the industry led to overfishing.

To make matters worse, debris from the logging industry polluted many spawning grounds. Also, parasitic sea lamprey and other non-native species invaded the Great Lakes, contributing to a severe decline in Georgian Bay's fish populations.

But there are still a few commercial fishermen operating in Killarney, most notably Ross Herbert, who sells fresh catch to the public and operates a busy fish-and-chips eatery from a converted school bus along the wharf. Over the last thirty years, Herbert's has become a Killarney fixture, and it's not unusual to find lengthy lineups of people who've raced from their boats in eager anticipation of mouth-watering whitefish and home-cooked fries. No visit would be complete without a lunch here.

Though the Lake Huron fishing industry belongs to a bygone era, in Killarney the past doesn't seem so far away. With a fresh breeze blowing off Georgian Bay and carrying the unmistakable scent of the open water, it's not hard to close one's eyes and picture fleets of fishing tugs pulling up along the wharves, their hulls overflowing with nets of freshly caught fish.

Andrew Hind is a writer and historian. His latest book, co-authored with Maria Da Silva, is *Notorious Ontario: Outlaws, Gangsters and Criminals*.

A weathered rowboat sits abandoned along the shoreline at Killarney.

ANDREW HIND

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New Dominion's defenders

With the passage of the Militia Act of 1868, defence of the new Dominion of Canada was left primarily to paid militia that was recruited on a voluntary basis and organized into local units — as opposed to the universal military service of the previous militia. By 1869, there were 31,170 officers and enlisted men in this new militia out of a population of three and a half million people.

One such unit was the Argenteuil Rangers (11th Battalion of Militia Infantry) based in Argenteuil County in Quebec, just across the Ottawa River from Ontario. It was founded in 1862 by John Abbott — who served as prime minister from 1891 to 1892 — to defend the growing province from Fenian raids and other threats. Abbott commanded the battalion until 1884.

This photograph dates from around 1886 and was taken in Montreal by A.I. Rice. It shows Abbott (in civilian dress) posing with officers of the Argenteuil Rangers. The seated officer is Colonel James Brock Cushing, who was the unit's commander, while the two other officers are (from left to right) William Williamson and William Owens.

Like others of the time, these men were, in addition to their military service, involved in many aspects of daily life, including business, politics, and more. For example, Williamson was also a justice of the peace and ran an international lumber business in Montreal.

The photograph originally hung in Williamson's home (now a National Historic Site) by the Ottawa River, just west of the village of Pointe-Fortune, Quebec. I received it from my parents after graduating with a master's degree in history from Concordia University.

Submitted by Bruce Redfern, the great-great-grandson of William Williamson.

Do you have a photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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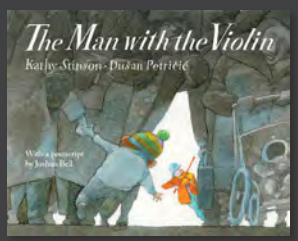

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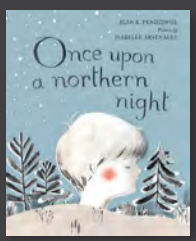

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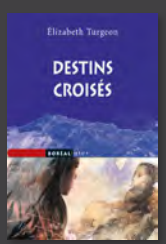

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